# The Outlook

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"Well, how do I look?"
"As if you used Ivory Soap."

# The Outlook

SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1904

**Assassination in Russia**

The Russian Minister of the Interior, Wencelas Constantinovich de Plehve, was slain in St. Petersburg on Thursday of last week under circumstances that vividly recall the assassination of Alexander II. A bomb was thrown beneath his carriage and exploded with terrific force, killing and frightfully mutilating M. de Plehve, killing also the coachman and wounding several other persons. The assassin, whose name is given by different reports as Legio and Prozef, was arrested, but as yet little seems to be known about him. Probably the Russian authorities are keeping to themselves what they may know, in the hope of finding accomplices. It is natural that rumors and conjecture should variously have made the assassin a Jew and a Finn, for among both races bitter hatred existed toward M. de Plehve—with the first, because of their belief in his complicity with, or knowledge of, the Kishenev massacre—a belief strengthened, however erroneous it may have been, by the laxity of the Russian Government in prosecuting the participants in that massacre, as shown from the official reports summarized in The Outlook; with the Finns, because of the leading part he played in the disregard of their constitutional rights and in the deportation of their leaders. Thus The Outlook editorially declared, not quite a year ago: "The Finnish policy of Minister de Plehve and General Bobrikoff will ultimately result in the complete alienation and embitterment of the Finnish people, and will probably force its exiled leaders into an offensive and defensive alliance with the Russian revolutionists." Whether or not the assassination of Bobrikoff and Plehve has resulted from political hatred, it is unquestioned that both men were the exponents of ruthless autocracy, forceful repression, and a reactionary imperial policy. Mr. Andrew D. White, not long ago our Minister to Russia, is quoted as saying since the assassination of last week:

> I can only account for M. de Plehve's atrocious, reactionary, and despotic conduct since he came to the position of Minister on the theory that he found that the clique in control of the Winter Palace, men and women, who seem to have brought the present Emperor into subjection to them, obliged M. de Plehve as a condidition of his tenure of office to do their will. His ambition doubtless led him to adopt their racial and religious hatred, as well as their detestation of anything like constitutional government.

That oppression should lead to assassination does not, however, make murder less atrocious and hateful. Moreover, history shows that political murders almost always defeat their own object. This is well brought out in an article by Mr. White in the current "Century" in which the assassination of Alexander II. is asserted to have set back indefinitely the cause of constitutional government in Russia.

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**M. de Plehve's Career**

The victim of this crime two years ago succeeded a Minister of the Interior, Sipiaguine, who also died at the assassin's hand. He had gained a superiority of influence over M. de Witte, to whose moderation and enlightened sense of modern governmental conditions and requirements it is much to be hoped the Czar will now turn; and to Plehve, Alexiev, Bobrikoff, and their sympathizers in the high nobility must be attributed most of Russia's political and internal blunders in the last two years. M. de Plehve was a man of extraordinary ability and untiring energy. Though a Pole by descent, his first achievement was ruthlessly to stamp out Polish revolutionary plots. Later, under Alexander II., he carried out a campaign against Nihilism, the severity and extent of which may have had as a countereffect the assassination of that Czar.

That deed and the previous attempt to blow up the Winter Palace led to hundreds of arrests, banishments, and imprisonments, to many executions, and, the Russian revolutionists allege, to the infliction of torture by Plehve's order. To carry out his purpose he had himself made director of the police, and personally prosecuted political offenders. He is said to have declared repeatedly that his policy and purpose was "Russia for the Russians," and another by-word attributed to him was "You can Russianize the whole world if you use enough steel." He was Minister of the Interior in 1884; later he became Governor-General of Finland, but when that country burst into revolt in everything but actual war against the repression that marked his rule, he was recalled to the Ministry of the Interior. As pointed out by Mr. Kennan in recent articles in The Outlook, the internal condition of Russia has since been disturbed and threatening. Very recently some concessions have been made to public opinion; and it is said that M. de Plehve's last work was the drafting of a code for political reform by which local committees of the lower nobility might propose reforms to the Czar.

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**Russia and the Neutral Nations**

The tension between Russia and Great Britain and between Russia and Germany has been largely reduced by Russia's apparent willingness to act with conciliation as regards the capture of neutral ships in the Red Sea and the destruction of the British ship Knight Commander by the Vladivostok squadron. The Malacca and the Ardova, seized in the Red Sea, have been released, and the German steamer Arabia, captured off the Japanese coast, is to be released after the removal of that part of her cargo which is contraband. With regard to the Knight Commander, Russia has asked for time to receive full reports, but has indicated her willingness to make reparation if it appears that international law has been violated. Nevertheless, in all these cases Russia reserves the right to a full discussion of the principles involved, and has not yet abandoned her positions about contraband of war and the right of volunteer ships after having passed the Dardanelles to act as men-of-war. Mr. Balfour in the House of Commons last week declared that Great Britain had assurances that the volunteer ships would be withdrawn from the Red Sea, and that Russia would not use them further as cruisers. Great Britain's position on this point was plainly stated by Mr. Balfour to be that no belligerent ships could issue from the Black Sea and that the volunteer ships had either no right to issue or no right to act as warships. As to the right to sink neutral ships the principle was laid down by the Marquis of Lansdowne in the House of Lords that "Upon no hypothesis of international law could a neutral vessel, even if her cargo contained contraband, be destroyed at the mere fiat of a commander of a ship of war, and without reference to a properly constituted prize court." Russia admits that a prize court should decide whether a neutral vessel seized is lawful prize or not, but claims inconsistently and absurdly the right to destroy the vessel before its status is so determined. A counter-protest has been made by Russia to Great Britain, alleging that contraband goods have been shipped from Great Britain in large quantities; that the Russian Government had given information to the British Government before the shipment, and that indemnity might be claimed later on because of the inaction of the British Government. Claims will undoubtedly be made against the Russian Government by the owners of neutral ships and neutral goods destroyed or seized by Russian vessels. It is evident, therefore, that there may be not a little work for the Hague Tribunal or for the diplomats after the war in adjusting these claims. Still another cause of complaint against Russia was presented in the House of Commons by a member who asked whether it were true that the Russian armored cruiser Dmitri Donskoi had been allowed to take on five hundred tons of coal at Port Said on the positive promise of the Captain that he would proceed at once to Cadiz, while in point of fact he had waited off Port Said and Alexandria, and had stopped and examined several vessels. The American interests involved in Russia's seizure of neutral ships are large, but the shipment from this country of goods claimed to be contraband has been almost entirely in vessels owned in Great Britain, and the usual course in such cases is for the owners of the goods seized or destroyed to look directly to the shipowners for reimbursement.

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**The Japanese Advance**

The battle, briefly reported last week, at Tachekiao, is shown by the fuller reports to have been hard fought, and to have lasted more than fifteen hours. Its outcome, the retreat of the Russians to Haicheng, was at once followed by the Japanese occupation of Niuchuang, while General Oku has since moved along the railroad toward Haicheng, and at the end of the week was again attacking. The military problem thus presented is whether the Russians will present determined resistance at Haicheng or will fall back towards Liaoyang through fear that the Japanese might cut the line of communication between the two great divisions of the Russian army in large enough force to endanger the southern division. General Kuropatkin was present in person at the battle of Tachekiao, and his reports declare that his troops fought with the utmost courage, inflicted much greater loss than they sustained, repelled the Japanese attack at all points, and reluctantly withdrew under general orders the next day because it was evident that the Japanese greatly outnumbered them and were over-lapping the Russian flanks. General Oku's report, on the other hand, asserts that the Russian casualties were about two thousand, and the Japanese about half that number. The battle was largely one of artillery. At the end of the week there were repeated rumors that a general assault upon Port Arthur had begun. Field Marshal Oyama is conducting the operations against Port Arthur in person.

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**Mr. Cannon's Defence of a Protective Tariff**

On Wednesday, July 28, Oyster Bay was a gala scene. The occasion was the formal notification to Mr. Roosevelt of his nomination by the Republican Convention to succeed himself as President of the United States. Only invited guests were present at the President's home, and the number was limited. The presentation speech was made by Speaker Cannon. The most significant paragraph in his speech was his statement and defense of the principle of a protective tariff, which we repeat here because it is as succint and clear a statement of the Republican principle on this subject as we remember ever to have seen:

> The people, under the lead of the Republican party, wrote upon the statute books revenue laws, levying taxes upon the products of foreign countries seeking our markets which replenished our Treasury, but were so adjusted as to encourage our people in developing, diversifying, and maintaining our industries, at the same time protecting our citizens laboring in production against the competition of foreign labor. Under this policy our manufactured product to-day is one-third of the product of the civilized world, and our people receive almost double the pay for their labor that similar labor receives elsewhere in the world, thereby enabling us to bear the burdens of citizenship.

Statistics are notoriously delusive, and we report Mr. Cannon's statistics without either criticising, condemning, or interpreting them. They are to the effect that under protection "we have come to be the greatest exporting nation in the world. For the year ending the 30th of June, 1904, our exports to foreign countries were valued at $1,460,000,000, of which $450,000,000 were products of the factory. The world fell in our debt last year $470,000,000, an increase of $75,000,000 over the preceding year." This may be regarded as the Republican reply in brief to the charge of the Democratic platform that protection is robbery.

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**Mr. Roosevelt's Definition of Republican Principles**

Mr. Roosevelt's reply began with an unqualified indorsement of the Republican platform in the following words: "I heartily approve the declaration of principles which the Republican National Convention has adopted." He followed this general statement with a perfectly frank and a carefully discriminated statement of the politico-ethical principles to which he regarded both himself and the Republican party committed. We give here a summary of these principles in Mr. Roosevelt's own words:

> We have shown in very deed that whenever by diligent investigation a public official can be found who has betrayed his trust, he will be punished to the full extent of the law, without regard to whether he was appointed under a Republican or a Democratic administration.
>
> So long as the Republican party is in power the gold standard is settled, not as a matter of temporary political expediency, not because of shifting conditions in the production of gold in certain mining centers, but in accordance with what we regard as the fundamental principles of National morality and wisdom.
>
> The standard of living of our wage workers is higher than that of any other country, and it cannot so remain unless we have a protective tariff which shall always keep as a minimum a rate of duty sufficient to cover the difference between the labor cost here and abroad.
>
> We believe in reciprocity with foreign nations on the terms outlined in President McKinley's last speech, which urged the extension of our foreign markets by reciprocal agreements whenever they could be made without injury to American industry and labor.
>
> We recognize the organization of capital and the organization of labor as natural outcomes of our industrial system. Each kind of organization is to be favored so long as it acts in a spirit of justice and of regard for the rights of others. Each is to be granted the full protection of the law, and each in turn is to be held to a strict obedience to the law, for no man is above it and no man below it.
>
> The Isthmian Canal is now being built by the Government of the United States. We conducted the negotiation for its construction with the nicest and most scrupulous honor, and in a spirit of the largest generosity toward those through whose territory it was to run.
>
> We earnestly desire friendship with all the nations of the New and Old Worlds; and we endeavor to place our relations with them upon a basis of reciprocal advantage instead of hostility. . . . We seek international amity for the same reasons that make us believe in peace within our own borders; and we seek this peace not because we are afraid or unready, but because we think that peace is right as well as advantageous.
>
> We are governing the Philippines in the interest of the Philippine people themselves. . . . To withdraw our Government from the islands at this time would mean to the average native the loss of his barely-won civil freedom. We have established in the islands a Government by Americans assisted by Filipinos. We are steadily striving to transform this into self-government by the Filipinos assisted by Americans.

By comparing this summary with our report of Mr. Roosevelt's previous enunciations of his principles, in the editorial on "Mr. Roosevelt's Platform" in The Outlook for July 2, the reader can judge for himself whether the nomination of Mr. Roosevelt for the Presidency has had any effect to modify his point of view. We do not see that it has. He who cares to cut this summary out and keep it for reference, can see, as the campaign progresses, whether the Republican party adheres to or appears to depart from its candidate's enunciation of its principles.

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**Mobilizing the Democratic Army**

A popular politician, astute in getting votes for his party, has been selected as the director of the campaign for the Democratic party. The name of Thomas Taggart has weight in his own State, Indiana, when it is attached to an opinion concerning political maneuvering; but it has never been widely associated, even in his own State, with the expression of convictions concerning political principles. He is a man who can put party workers in good humor; he is not a man, however, so far as anything in his career shows, who understands the mental temperament of the independent voter well enough to know how to appeal to it. Compared with Mr. Cortelyou, the Chairman of the Republican National Committee, Mr. Taggart is more experienced in matters of partisan politics, less experienced in matters of statecraft. It would hardly be fair to say that the selection of Mr. Taggart indicates any lowering of the standards of party campaigning; but it is perfectly just to say that it does not indicate, as the selection of Mr. Cortelyou by the Republicans promised, the raising of those standards. Faith in Mr. Cleveland's doctrine that "party honesty is party expediency" is not so certainly exemplified in the organization of the campaign committee of Mr. Cleveland's party as it is in that of its opponent. But compared with Senator Gorman, who was seriously considered for the position, Mr. Taggart is regarded by the independent element in the party as not wholly unacceptable. While the choice of an Indiana man for National Chairman has tended to gratify the Democrats of the Middle West, whose ascendency during the Bryan era was brought to an end by the Convention last month, efforts have been made to bring about a reconciliation of warring factions in New York. Ex-Senator David B. Hill, who conducted the Parker "boom;" Mr. Charles F. Murphy, leader of Tammany Hall and chief opponent of the Parker candidacy, and others met at Judge Parker's home at Esopus last week. How successful these efforts were, it is hardly time yet to state. Mr. Murphy naturally wishes to get a good price for his support, and he wishes it paid by a promissory note to the effect that the Hill faction shall be subordinate to him within the territory of Greater New York. In the mean time, Judge Parker has maintained the dignified position of receiving all accredited party representatives, but giving them no promise of reward for support.

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**An English View of Mr. Parker**

The London "Spectator," which recently published its estimate of President Roosevelt as a moderate man, has given in its issue for July 16, in an editorial paragraph and an editorial article, an estimate of his political opponent, Mr. Parker. This estimate it bases on the action of Mr. Parker in sending his telegram to the Democratic Convention asking that another candidate be selected if the Convention disapproved of his views on the money question. "A democracy," it says, "values courage and decision above all other qualities." This exhibition of courage and decision by Judge Parker has, it believes, changed the political situation:

> The truth, of course, is that in a democracy the people expect a leader to lead, and not to sit on the fence waiting to see on which side opinion is the stronger. They are often misled by clever maneuvering, but they never respect it. We wish it were possible to impress that great truth upon all British politicians, and especially upon Mr. Balfour, who now occupies just the position which the managers of the Democratic party thought so astute, but from which they were driven the moment their nominee uttered his whole mind.

Those "great masses of conservatives in America . . . who, to speak plainly, look with apprehension on any policy which is not a little humdrum," will now, the "Spectator" thinks, find in Mr. Parker the man to represent them. In conclusion, considering only the main issue, the "Spectator" declares:

> We cannot, as onlookers, but feel a sensation of pride and pleasure that in the coming election both candidates will be men who have broken through the elaborate network with which politicians endeavor to strangle the independence of the great servants of the people. Whichever party prevails, it will at least be represented by a man, and not by a clerk of the great "bosses."

We are accustomed in this country to have our political preceptors point us to England for examples of directness in political methods. It is refreshing to find an English journal pointing its readers for such examples to the United States.

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**The Fall River Strike**

In the great strike in the Fall River cotton mills a direct and wide contradiction of opinion is the root of the trouble. The manufacturers say: "It is impossible for us to continue the mills in operation and pay the wages hitherto paid. There must be a reduction of 12½ per cent. in wages." The operatives say in reply: "It is impossible for us to live on lower wages. We believe the mills can afford to pay as heretofore. We will strike rather than take lower wages." Each side is determined, perhaps "obstinate" would be too ugly a word to use at present, and so the issue is joined. The operatives are out; the mills are closed. The reduction of 12½ per cent. which the mill owners require is in addition to a cut-down of 10 per cent. which was ordered and accepted without a strike last November. Both sides agree that the cotton market is in bad condition. There has been large production; the price of cotton has advanced so that the returns to the mills are not enough to pay for the manufacture under present conditions. On the side of the operatives the policy of curtailment is urged. They say that they do not ask the mills to pay higher wages than they can afford, but they urge the policy of reducing the output until the consumption shall have disposed of the excess of product in sight and the market shall have righted itself. Then, they say, prices for the goods will improve and the mills can afford to continue at the present rare of wages. Further, they take the ground that they must have living wages, and that a reduction of 12½ per cent. now, added to the 10 per cent. reduction in November, brings the total wages so low that a decent living is impossible. Of the men, women, and children employed in these mills the best wages made by the men—who, of course, get more than the women and children—are from $8 to $12 per week. On that amount the family must be supported, and families average large in Fall River. In consequence of the general poverty the children must be put into the mills as soon as they are able to work, and as soon as the law against the employment of children will permit. But these operatives are contending for even more than their own living. If wages are cut successfully at Fall River, then they are likely to be cut in all the other large cotton centers, in New Bedford, in Lowell, in Lawrence, in Chicopee, and elsewhere. The operatives feel that they are like an army in a great cause, and that those in Fall River are on the firing line, fighting for the cause of their entire host in all the cities of the North. Hence their unity of purpose and their determination not to yield. Added to the reduction of wages comes in the new invention whereby weavers are required to tend ten looms instead of eight, and there are further changes which are expected to make different conditions for labor. The operatives are restless and dissatisfied. They are united and determined to carry their point. Their unions' treasuries are said to be in good condition, and they are well prepared for a contest of months.

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**The Mill Owners' View** On the other side is the combination of capital. The statistical statement is given as follows: Mills affected by the strike, 71; combined capital of the mills, $25,000,000; corporations in the combination, 23; mills not in the combination, 7; operatives on strike, 24,000; operatives in the seven mills running, 7,340; spindles idle, 2,300,000; weekly loss to the operatives, $149,000; weekly loss to the mill owners, $23,000. On the side of the mills it is said that a permanent change of conditions has been introduced by the competition of mills in the South, and that it will be impossible to pay as high wages as heretofore. The mill owners do not accept at all the idea of the operatives that the market would right itself under a policy of curtailed production at the same rate of wages for the work done. They say, further, that if they were to run the mills at the former wages they would be run at a loss, and they prefer to shut down entirely and stand the loss of production by idleness of their plant rather than by an excessive payroll. This contention by the manufacturers that Southern competition is a material cause of their difficulties is not accepted by the operatives. It is said in behalf of the manufacturers that they would restore the cut-down as fast as the condition of the market would permit, but they do not intend to take any risk of going on as prices are now. It is urged for them that they are trustees of their stockholders, and that they have no right to risk the property of others in running the mills at a loss. On the other side, the reply is that the average rate of dividends for the mills has been from five to six per cent. a year, and that it is a question of the very living of the operatives which is at stake in the matter of wages. The operatives are largely English. There are much fewer Irish, and there are some Portuguese and Poles. Thus far there have been no disorders of consequence growing out of the strike. The strikers are adapting themselves to the situation with all the self-sacrifice and philosophy they can command. They propose to draw as little from the union funds as possible. They have betaken themselves to picking berries and digging clams in order to supply food when it is possible to get it from outside sources, and they are settling down to the belief that the strike will be long, and that it will involve a severe trial of strength between the operatives and the mills before either side will yield. On the side of the mill owners, the treasurers are leaving the city for their summer homes, and the prospect is that the mills may not be open until October. No talk of arbitration is heard now. Members of the Massachusetts Board of Arbitration and Conciliation went to Fall River before the strike, hoping to avert it. They proposed to the manufacturers a delay of two weeks in putting the wage reduction into effect, in order to give time to see if the sides could not get together. A committee of the manufacturers favored it. The council of textile workers was unanimous for it. But the Manufacturers' Association voted it down unanimously, the minority changing its position in order to make the vote unanimous. Then the textile council promptly ordered the strike, and so the two sides locked horns.

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**The Butchers' Strike** The efforts of last week to bring about by peaceable negotiations a termination of the strike of the butcher workmen in Chicago and other packing centers were without avail. Both sides settled down for a long, hard fight. The packers declared they wanted no further conferences, complaining that the agreement for a settlement which had once been entered into had not been carried out. They said they were getting their plants into good working condition again despite the strike, and that the effect of further negotiations was simply to prolong the contest by leading the strikers to believe there was still hope for victory for them. As soon as it was known that the packers intended to reopen without a settlement with the unions, it was declared many of the strikers would be looking for their old places again. To some extent at least this contention of the packers appears to have been justified by the developments. It was evident that killing was proceeding on a larger scale each day, and it was the judgment of many unbiased observers that the packers would come out victorious in the contest. The sympathetic strike of the teamsters, firemen, and mechanical tradesmen the first of last week gave the strikers considerable hope at the time it took place, but this action did not tend to make the packers any more tractable. So far as the teamsters' walkout was concerned, the packers ceased delivering meat by wagon in Chicago. Instead they sent supplies by railroad to the various branches, and had the wholesale and retail dealers to whom they sell call for the meats with their own wagons. There were some premonitions that the freight handlers might refuse to handle meat, and thus bring the railroads into the fight much as they were brought into the Pullman contest in 1894. In its early stages the contest, especially in Chicago, had been comparatively free from manifestations of violence, but toward the end of the week there was some rioting and violence in Chicago, Omaha, and Kansas City. The arrest of Mr. Golden, President of the Teamsters' Union, on the charge of interfering with a union driver by ordering him not to take goods to the packers, caused strong feeling among the strikers, and made the conflict more bitter. In New York the strike was not resumed, but it was expected at the end of the week that the men would be called out immediately, unless an agreement was reached by which some of the large dealers should withdraw from the "beef trust." On Wednesday of last week there was considerable uneasiness in Chicago for a few hours when it was learned that the Swift plant was on fire. The management, however, was very quick to explain the cause of the fire, and to announce that there was no suspicion of incendiarism in connection with it. The packing-house unions are not old organizations, and have not large funds on hand. Many of the striking workmen, especially of the unskilled labor class, lack the means to live long without working. As a consequence, the families of some of the strikers last week were beginning to suffer. President Donnelly of the union established supply depots for the purpose of relieving want among the strikers as far as lay in his power.

**Theological Controversy in the Church of England**

The cautious and conservative movement in the Church of England toward revision of the Athanasian Creed by raising a committee to report upon it, to which we referred May 28, has already provoked the indignation of the English Church Union. Lord Halifax, who some years ago was the promoter of the unsuccessful application to the Pope to acknowledge the validity of Anglican orders, severely denounced in his Presidential address the Bishops who favored modification of the Creed (by omitting its damnatory clauses), and especially the Archbishop of Canterbury, by whose casting vote the resolution to raise the committee had prevailed. These were not "leaders that Churchmen could trust and follow." A resolution was carried "earnestly deprecating, as fraught with danger to the preservation of Christian truth throughout the world, any mutilation of the Athanasian Creed, or any alteration of its *status* in the Book of Common Prayer." Yet the American branch of Anglicanism more than a century ago passed judgment on this Creed by refusing to include it in the Prayer Book. Very different was the temper of the annual meeting of the Churchmen's Union, an organization "for the advancement of liberal religious thought" among Anglicans. Dr. Morrison, its President, held that the result of critical inquiry must be accepted on its merits without regard to its effect on dogmas. Sir Edward Russell said that laymen could and would think for themselves, whatever the clergy might do. Dr. Rashdall, saying that the claims of Christ presupposed some historical elements that criticism could never destroy, held that their permanent strength lay in their appeal to the moral and spiritual nature. He severely censured Bishop Gore's action in forcing the resignation of Mr. Beeby for disbelief of the Virgin-birth, and compared the Bishop and Lord Halifax as exponents of the "lower orthodoxy" and "the higher," referring to the Bishop's book, "Lux Mundi," by many deemed heretical. Finally, Canon Henson, in a plea for liberty to be honest thinkers, declared that an attempt was going on to prejudice opinion against honest thought in the Church, similar to that witnessed in France in the Dreyfus case, and that there was danger of a wave of obscurantism that would be disastrous to religion. More recently the Archbishop of Canterbury put to a deputation of the Church Union, who entered a protest against any alteration of the Creed, and for the retention of its damnatory clauses, this cutting question: "Is the deputation that I am addressing at this moment claiming to put itself in rivalry with men that might be ranged on the other side in this controversy—men of scholarship and thought like Bishop Moberly, Bishop Lightfoot, Bishop Westcott?" The Free Churches of England, meanwhile, are viewing this agitation as spectators—interested, though not involved in it.

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**British Institute of Social Service**

The visit to England, from which Dr. Josiah Strong, President of the American Institute of Social Service, has just returned, resulted in the organization, before he embarked for home, of an association patterned in name and design after its American prototype. In that country, where sociological activity germinated long ago in the time of Maurice and Kingsley, Dr. Strong found receptive audiences for the thirty-six addresses which he gave in the thirty-eight days of his sojourn. Some of these audiences were the Assembly of the United Free Presbyterian Church of Scotland, the Women's Guild of the Established Church of Scotland, the British Women's Temperance Association, the Executive Committee of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, the Irish Presbyterian Assembly, and some of the principal churches in London and Glasgow. At a dinner in Dublin, where the Lord Mayor presided, Sir Horace Plunkett said there was no place on earth where so many questions were answered in so many minutes as at the rooms of the Institute in New York, where he had "tried it." The organization of the Institute took place at the Hotel Métropole, London, after a luncheon at which Lord Lytton presided.

The Right Hon. James Bryce said in his address, "There is no country to which we can go so well as to the United States for light and help in working out our social problems concerning the betterment of the race." The Earl of Meath, who was elected President, expressed his agreement with President Roosevelt's opinion that an important world-movement had been initiated by the Institute. It is expected that Mr. Percy Alden, warden of the social settlement known as Mansfield House, in the east of London, will be appointed to the secretaryship as leader of its active work. The organization there as here includes representatives of religious and social sections.

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**John Rogers, the American Sculptor**

We agree with the Springfield "Republican" that "any collection of sculpture by American hands, especially any such collection that cares to preserve evidence of the American spirit, should possess the best copies that can be had of the terra-cottas of John Rogers." His death thirty years ago would have been made matter of widely extended comment. It affords a pathetic illustration of the transitory nature of popularity in a democratic country, that his death now receives but scant notice from the press. In both theme and treatment Mr. Rogers's groups of statuary were very distinctively American. Most of them might be called story-telling groups, such as his "Wounded Scout," his "Union Refugees," and his "Coming to the Parson." They were living groups, possessing now pathos, now humor, now a commingling of the two; but always having that life which it is the work of the artist at once to portray and to interpret. The material of which they were composed made it easy to reproduce them, so that one or more of his groups were to be seen in a great number of homes throughout the country; but the material was fragile as their popularity was short lived. The greatest passion he rarely essayed, and in the attempt did not reach his greatest successes. One or two of his pieces were, we believe, repeated in bronze; never, so far as we know, in marble, nor has his method been continued by any successors. Probably his work cannot be counted as great, when judged from a purely artistic point of view, but it was always vital and genuine, always absolutely pure, always inspired by a good motive, and never, so far as we recall, marred by the conventionalism of a mere imitator. In these respects his art reflected his personal character. It may be said that his creations were not in the first rank, but it cannot be justly questioned that his work was, in the truest sense of that term, creative.

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**Unsightly Signboards**

Cleveland has just adopted a comprehensive building code, which will well repay the study of those who are interested in, or charged with the duty of looking after, the erection and sanitary conditions of buildings. But the most significant provision is the one relating to signboards. This declares all signboards and billboards now or hereafter erected on any residence street within two hundred feet of any park, park boulevard, or driveway (except on one-sheet boards for advertising premises that are for sale) to be nuisances, and the Inspector of Buildings is given power to abate them. Moreover, the code provides that "no sign, signboard, or billboard shall be placed upon any public property, nor shall any such sign or billboard, inclusive of placards, be fixed or placed upon any building so as to project beyond the street line," without an official permit. This legislation (made possible by the Ohio Municipal Code of 1902) places Cleveland well to the front in combating the growing billboard evil. We do not recall any other city, except Boston, which has gone so far in restricting its growth. This action should lend encouragement to other cities that are seeking to abate similar nuisances, and points the way. The women and officials of Cleveland have also devised a simple way for overcoming some of the objectionable features of billboards which will not come within the provisions of the Code, by the planting of quickly growing shrubs and bushes in front of the offending billboards. To be sure this cannot be done where the owner of the premises has given his consent to the board; but in a large majority of cases the owner would prefer shrubs, bushes, and vines in front of his vacant lot or on the side of his property, if only the matter were properly presented to him. Herein lies the gist of much improvement work, the presentation of a simple alternative to those who have it in their power to determine things. Many things are left undone or done but poorly and inadequately because the question is not presented to those in authority, and their co-operation properly sought. Too often they are assumed to be opponents, whereas it should be assumed that they are friends.

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**Indictments for the Slocum Disaster**

The men who could be held legally responsible for the disaster to the steamboat General Slocum, through which about a thousand people lost their lives, have been indicted by the Federal Grand Jury. Three of these—the Captain of the boat and the two inspectors who approved the condition of the vessel—are probably to be held directly accountable; the other four—officers of the company that own the boat—are to be held accountable, it is understood, as conniving at the negligence of the Captain and the inspectors. The statute under which these indictments are made, declares that the crime of which these men are charged is manslaughter. If these men are convicted before any circuit court in the United States, they are punishable by imprisonment at hard labor for a period of not more than ten years. It is to be hoped that there will be no failure in having them tried, not because of any desire to wreak vengeance upon the guilty, but because of the vast importance to all now traveling by water of the maintenance of the law which protects their lives. By the trial of those indicted, moreover, it may be discovered that the law as it stands does not legally hold accountable those who are morally responsible for the safety of passengers on the steamboats. If this should prove to be the case, the trial of these men will point the way to the enactment of a more effective law. In either case the result can only be to make it clear that human life must be fully guarded, both by stringent laws and by constant care in the enforcement of those laws by responsible persons.

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# Educational Progress of the Year

The most important and significant fact of the year in education is the existence of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis. The architecture at St. Louis is all that could be desired, but the exhibits are in the highest degree striking and significant. The classification adopted is as practical as it is rigorously scientific; the arrangement is attractive and helpful; and an unusually large number of individual exhibits are of a high order of excellence. For the first time in the history of these great expositions, education has a building of its own and also stands at the head of the classification. This fact is indicative of the spirit and the idealism which have guided the development of the St. Louis Exposition. Too much praise cannot be given to Mr. F. J. V. Skiff, who, as Director of Exhibits, is entitled to the largest share of credit for the classification, the installation and the arrangement of the exhibits, and for their marked educational value.

It is a pity that the contents of the Government Building at St. Louis cannot be duplicated and kept permanently on exhibition in a dozen large cities. In that building is shown most clearly, and in a fashion that is proving instructive to hundreds of thousands of people, what the Government of the United States is doing in many different ways for the health, the comfort, and the prosperity of its citizens. The Department of Agriculture shows in fullest detail how it is using all of the resources of modern science to fight the various diseases which affect animals and plants; the Post Office Department shows, through numerous illustrations, the development and the actual working of the rural free delivery system; the tasks accomplished by the Engineer Corps of the Army, and some of the most important features in the work of other departments, are exhibited clearly and instructively. The Transportation Building is another educational laboratory for the people. There are shown with the utmost elaborateness the advances that are being made in modes and means of transportation, both on land, on and under the sea, and through the air.

But naturally the student of education will dwell longest upon the Education Building itself. He will find grouped there some of the very best exhibits to be found at St. Louis. On every side are evidences of the ability and skill of Mr. Howard J. Rogers, Director of Education and of Congresses, who, at the close of the Exposition, will enter upon his new duties as First Assistant Commissioner of Education for the State of New York.

The leading universities of the United States, north and south, east and west, have taken much pains and gone to no small expense to instruct visitors to St. Louis in the details of their organization and methods, and in their various scientific and literary undertakings. The university exhibits as a whole are marked by excellence of arrangement and good judgment in the choice of material to be shown. In addition to the university exhibits there are to be found in the Education Building elaborate educational exhibits contributed by thirty-three States, four cities, and fifteen foreign countries. The four cities were chosen by the authorities of the Exposition as representative of municipal education throughout the country. They are New York, Chicago, St. Louis, and Cleveland. Even a cursory inspection of the immense amount of material shown in these State and municipal exhibits makes plain the enormous strides taken by public education in this country during the past ten years. Not only is the advance of the industrial element in education clearly marked, but there are to be seen examples of the actual school-work of tens of thousands of children which refute completely the charges often heard against the public elementary schools of to-day, that they are not as efficient in giving instruction in the rudiments of an education as they once were. The real fact is—and the educational exhibit at St. Louis makes it plain—that the child of to-day writes better, spells better, and ciphers better, than did his father or his grandfather. In addition, he enjoys a fulness of opportunity for the training of his senses and his powers of expression that the older generation lacked entirely or obtained by chance through casual occupation in childhood or in youth.

The visitor to the Education Building cannot help being struck by the fact, now made more evident than ever before, that we have in the United States, in reality, a national system or type of education, although it remains as true as it ever was that public education is an affair of the several States and not of the National Government. It would take the closest inspection to find, for example, any essential difference between the school work shown from the children of Arizona and that shown from the children of Massachusetts. Despite differences of climate, of social environment, of tradition, and of opportunity, all these children are treading pretty much the same broad path toward American citizenship. They are receiving substantially similar opportunities and they are using them with like advantage. The obvious fact that, despite the separate State control of our school systems, we have a genuinely National educational system, must be due to a variety of causes; but no one who is well informed will doubt that for ten or fifteen years past, two important influences have been especially potent in bringing about this state of affairs. These are the National Educational Association and the influence of the Bureau of Education under Commissioner William T. Harris. Each year thousands of representative teachers and school officers gather from every part of the land to attend the sessions of the National Educational Association. Here they compare views and exchange experiences, and from these meetings there develops a body of educational opinion which is influential in every part of the land. Dr. Harris, since assuming the control of the Bureau of Education fifteen years ago, has succeeded in using it to guide and direct educational thought and to improve educational practice. He has brought together in his annual reports an immense mass of invaluable information which is eagerly studied in every State and Territory. Moreover, by his personal presence at educational gatherings and by his published writings, he has enforced the lesson of unity of national aim and purpose in education.

To one who can recall the educational exhibit of the United States made at Philadelphia in 1876, the most striking single characteristic of the educational exhibit at St. Louis is the large proportionate amount of time and attention given to the art and industrial elements in education. The American people have learned the lesson which the Philadelphia Exposition of 1876 taught, and which the Chicago Exposition of 1893 re-enforced; for those two expositions made it plain that the practical American people were neglecting as educational instruments two tools which lay nearest to their hands—art and industry. The St. Louis Exposition shows that these tools are now in active and intelligent use, and that, while art and industrial education in the United States are still far from perfect, yet they are rapidly developing, and are taking their proper place as elements of general culture or training, as well as highly specialized callings.

No reference to the St. Louis Exposition would be complete or fair without ample recognition of the excellence and completeness of the exhibits sent from Germany. Mr. Lewald, the German Commissioner-General, and his able corps of trained associates, have far surpassed anything hitherto seen in national expositions. No matter to what building one turns, the German exhibit there is beyond question the most attractive and the most excellent. This is particularly true of the Education Building. In education, Germany has chosen to confine its exhibit chiefly to illustrating two great movements—decorative art and applied science. Especially significant is the collective German university exhibit, particularly so far as it illustrates the teaching of medicine. It is safe to say that nothing of this kind has ever been seen before, and no student of the higher education should fail to inspect with close attention this portion of the German educational exhibit.

It may be predicted with some confidence that one effect of the educational exhibit at St. Louis will be to stimulate the use of what the Germans call *Anschauungslehrmittel*, in colleges, universities, and professional schools. The barrenness of the lecture system, which was imported from the German universities a generation ago, is only too apparent. There are many subjects of instruction which do not admit of experimental or laboratory methods of presentation; but there is no subject which cannot be illustrated to the eye after the fashion so clearly shown by the Germans at St. Louis. There are now college and university classrooms, in which Greek and Latin are taught by the aid of the lantern; but they are few and far between. Languages, both ancient and modern, history, economics, psychology, indeed any subject, may be made doubly interesting and helpful if some of the hints dropped at St. Louis by the Germans are acted upon by American college teachers.

Next to the St. Louis Exposition in importance comes the visit of the Mosely Educational Commission, whose members spent several months during the past autumn and winter in inspecting with care representative educational institutions in the United States. The reports prepared by the members of this Commission have been published by Mr. Mosely, and they stand in a place by themselves at the head of all the educational publications of the year. These reports contain the reflections of twenty-six cultivated Englishmen upon the observations they made while visiting the schools of the United States. The joint report, concurred in by the entire Commission, is very brief, and emphasizes the main points which impressed the visitors. They were impressed, first, with the absolute belief in the value of education shown by the people of the United States, and also by the spirit which animates both teachers and pupils in American schools. They noted the absence of class prejudice and of anything like a "religious difficulty," which is so vexatious in England. They were struck by the fact that among Americans high theoretical knowledge often goes hand in hand with marked practical capacity, "the practical bent of the men of letters and science and the breadth of their outlook being very remarkable." They saw the important part which manual training is playing in the elementary and secondary schools, and they commended it. They were greatly impressed by the liberality displayed toward education, not only by the public, but also by private donors, and they were led to express regret that with so many and so fine school and college buildings the renumeration of teachers remains so inadequate. They also were struck by one characteristic of American education which would naturally impress itself upon an English observer because of the contrast between it and the conditions prevailing at home, namely, the careful organization of the different grades of education and the close co-operation between them, "whereby harmonious working is secured and overlapping avoided." All but two of the visitors were "led to view somewhat with alarm the growing preponderance of women teachers."

It will be noted that with a single exception the points selected for comment in the joint report are points of commendation. The individual reports contain numerous and searching criticisms, some of which are very judicious and wise, of things seen in American schools and colleges. Perhaps the most interesting single report, and the one which has the greatest literary value, is the one written by Mr. John Rhys, Professor of Celtic and Principal of Jesus College, Oxford. Professor Rhys has written a charming essay, all too short, that might well be reprinted and given wide circulation in the United States. He is led to take an optimistic view of the intellectual and social development of this country, and writes that "an Anglo-Celtic nation which, while still in the making, has produced an Emerson and an Edgar Allan Poe, has a great future before it, not only in applied science and mechanics, but also in letters and refinement."

Upon the whole, it is astonishing how much the members of the Mosely Commission were able to see in the limited time at their disposal, and how quickly they came upon the salient and representative facts of American education. As must have been expected, there were not a few things that they failed to observe, and some institutions and tendencies which they have only partially understood. They gained, however, what they chiefly came in search of, namely, material with which to begin a campaign in England that will result in arousing public interest in education, in spreading the conviction that wise expenditure for education promotes the national well-being, and in stimulating the Government of the day to take the lead in building up a well organized and carefully correlated system of elementary and secondary schools. Because of English prejudices and habits of long standing, the task is a difficult one. The Established Church is to be reckoned with, as are the very conservative influences that emanate from the old universities. Nevertheless, there is reason to believe that England is about to enter, or has entered, upon a new stage of development in reference to education, and that the experience of the United States will be of marked value to the mother country. The United States itself has yet much to learn and much to accomplish, but it is not unjustifiable to feel pride at the fact that its example is already being so eagerly studied by the older nations of Europe.

The year has witnessed the ending of a long and unworthy controversy between the two parts of the New York State educational system, and the controversy has been ended in a manner which is a positive contribution to State educational administration everywhere.

The State of New York began the development of its educational system from the top. The Regents of the

University of the State of New York were established to have oversight of the higher institutions of learning before the common school system of the State came into existence, and long before central supervision was provided for it. Year by year the work of the Regents and the work of the Department of Public Instruction, after its establishment, came nearer and nearer together. Finally, with the establishment of the public high school system the two jurisdictions clashed. Personal antagonisms entered not a little into the subsequent controversies, which have extended over many years; but apart from these the fact remained that the State was maintaining two competing systems of school supervision and inspection. There was, in consequence, a waste of money, a duplication of effort, and a constant invitation to friction and controversy.

After the failure of the Legislature to act favorably upon the recommendations of Governor Roosevelt's Special Commission, appointed in 1899 to deal with this whole subject, it became evident that no plan of settlement could be arrived at which would command the assent of both educational departments. Both departments separately declared themselves in favor of the unification of the State's educational system, but each department was careful to take this position in a year when its rival was in antagonism to unification. From officials in the office of the Regents proceeded the absurd proposal that a sharp line should be drawn between elementary and secondary education, and from the Department of Public Instruction proceeded the equally absurd proposal that the schools of the State should be divided by a line drawn vertically through them, which line was to separate the tax-supported from the non-tax-supported schools.

In this situation there was nothing to be done but to go over the heads of the two departments, and in the interest of the citizenship of the entire State compel the readjustment of the State educational machinery. Proposals to this end were made by representative educators, who had long been students of the problem, and these proposals were favorably received and promptly acted upon by Governor Odell and the leaders of the legislative majority. The plan outlined was very simple in form, and left very many matters of detail to be dealt with in later years. It provided simply that the offices of State Superintendent of Public Instruction and of Secretary of the University of the State of New York (these being the two chief executive positions), should be hereafter combined in one office, that of Commissioner of Education. The act contemplated single executive control over the entire educational system of the State, and left with the Regents the exact powers which they had heretofore possessed, except that the first Commissioner of Education, who was to become their executive officer, was to be chosen by the Legislature rather than by the Regents themselves, inasmuch as the Regents were, nominally at least, a party to the controversy which the act was drawn to end. Simultaneously, the Regents were reformed in regard to the two matters wherein they had been most severely criticised for years. Their number was cut down from 23 to 11, and a definite term was substituted for the indefinite term previously existing. Hereafter one Regent will go out of office each year, and his successor will be chosen by the Legislature for a term of eleven years. The most active and vigorous of the Regents were retained in office, and they were assigned terms by the drawing of lots.

The underlying thought of the unification proposal was, that the Regents should become the legislative authority for the State educational system, while the Commissioner of Education should be the chief executive officer. Excellent as these proposals were, and strongly as they were supported by educational leaders all over the State, an organized attempt was made to confuse the issue before the Legislature by asserting that the Unification Bill was a political measure designed to inject partisan politics into the schools of New York State. The fact was, on the contrary, that the school system of New York was already riddled with politics—personal, educational, and partisan—and it was the chief aim of the unification measure summarily to eject all of these influences from the educational administration of the State. That this was accomplished the result abundantly proves.

President Draper, of the University of Illinois, who, from 1886 to 1892, was State Superintendent of Public Instruction in New York, and whose reputation as a courageous, clear-headed and forceful educational executive is second to none in the land, was elected Commissioner without opposition, and took office on April 1 last. He immediately proceeded to organize his department in a way that gave fullest assurance of the fact that the State educational administration of New York would hereafter be as free from improper influences as is the administration of a great university.

Commissioner Draper called to his side, as Assistant Commissioners, three of the most competent men to be found anywhere in the country. As Assistant Commissioner in charge of higher, professional, and technical education, he appointed Howard J. Rogers, formerly Deputy State Superintendent of Public Instruction in New York, and now Director of Education, Social Economy, and Congresses, at the St. Louis Exposition. As Assistant Commissioner in charge of secondary education and the training of teachers therefor, he appointed Dr. Edward J. Goodwin, who, after a successful career as head master of the Newtonville, Massachusetts, High School, was called to New York as Principal of the Morris High School, when the public secondary school system of the metropolis was organized six year ago. As Assistant Commisioner in charge of elementary schools and the training of teachers therefor, he appointed Augustus S. Downing, formerly Supervisor of Teachers Institutes and Teachers Training Classes in New York State, and more recently Principal of the New York City Training School for Teachers.

It may be doubted whether four as competent and disinterested men have ever before been associated in the work of administering the school system of a great State as Messrs. Draper, Rogers, Goodwin, and Downing. Commissioner Draper's prompt declaration of the principles by which his work would be guided, and the clear-cut statement of his conception of his own duties and responsibilities under the law, evoked an immediate and sympathetic response on the part of the public, and reassured those who had been affected by the unfounded charges made at the time when the unification measure was pending before the Legislature.

The step taken in the passage of the Unification Law for New York State may be truly called epoch-marking, and the measure takes its place by the side of that which struck the shackles of politics from the New York City schools eight years ago. While improvements have been suggested, and will hereafter be made, in the law governing the schools of New York City, and in that governing the schools of New York State, yet it may fairly be said that, as legislative measures go, these two acts are adequate to the support and maintenance of truly educational, non-political school systems.

In New York the State has always exercised a closer supervision over the local school authorities than exists elsewhere in this country. It is to New York, therefore, that we may fairly look for the highest standards in this regard. These standards have been furnished by the Legislature of 1903, and by the installation of Commissioner Draper and his associates to lead and direct the new movement.

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# Found Wanting

One of the most dramatic stories in the Bible is that of Belshazzar's feast, in which the king is represented as startled in the midst of his royal reveling by a hand writing on the wall the words Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin, and the feasters are dismayed and the feast converted from a scene of revelry into one of terror, and Daniel is brought in haste to read the words and interpret their meaning, "Weighed in the balance and found wanting." These are the words which are written to-day in the sky above St. Petersburg. Unhappy Czar, deceived, betrayed, overweighted with superhuman cares—his army defeated, the civilized world aroused to anger against him, his kingdom threatened from within, his wife in the perils of approaching motherhood—he is perhaps the most unhappy mortal on the face of the earth.

No being should attempt to exercise omnipotence unless he possesses omniscience and omnipresence. The Czar is nominally the autocrat of all the Russias. All power—legislative, judicial, executive—is in theory lodged in his hands. But he is not omniscient nor omnipresent. He is dependent on agents for his knowledge of what is occurring; he is dependent on agents for the execution of his will. These agents constitute a bureaucracy. The real ruler of all the Russias is this bureaucracy. It is the head of this bureaucracy who has been assassinated. In an hour a new Minister may be appointed to take his place. But only by a process of many years can Russia be rid of the bureaucracy which envelopes her like an octopus, with tentacles reaching out into every part of the vast empire. "Corporations have no souls." There is no corporation so soulless as a bureaucracy. Imagine a gentle lover of peace nominal Mayor of New York; the city really ruled by an intricate and unscrupulous machine, its master mind that of a Tweed or a Croker; then in imagination transform the city into an empire and the four million inhabitants into one hundred and forty-one millions—so the reader may get a faint picture of the political conditions of Russia in this beginning of the twentieth century.

The greater the territory and the greater the number of inhabitants, the greater the opportunity for public plunder. Animated partly by their greed of wealth, partly by an equally perilous but not equally sordid ambition for an empire growing constantly not better and better, but only bigger and bigger, partly by a quite natural desire for an ice-free port, which her geographical position has hitherto denied her, partly by a fanatical religion, which makes the ecclesiastical Russian regard orthodoxy of faith and rite as something to be imposed on a skeptical world, Russia, playing with the skill born of long practice upon European jealousy as to the East, seized upon Manchuria, and, disregarding her promises, retained it. She counted on the fear which her size, her wealth, her immense army have created in Europe to enable her to do this with impunity. Doubtless her bureaucrats were astonished at Japan's defiance. Doubtless they have been astonished at Japan's success. Out-generaled, out-maneuvered, out-fought, she has not yet registered a single significant success against Japanese arms, except in false reports from St. Petersburg.

Beaten in the field and on the sea, angered by reports, probably authentic but exaggerated, of the shipment of contraband goods to Japan, she has by real naval skill got some ships of war out of Vladivostok harbor, and, by subterfuge hardly to be distinguished from falsehood, others of her ships out of the Black Sea, to prey upon the commerce of the world. It is not necessary to suppose that the seizure of ships of commerce in the Red Sea, the indiscriminate seizure of the mails, and the sinking of a neutral ship off the coast of Japan have been deliberately planned by the central government. Autocracy makes autocrats, and more probably the commanders of these Russian vessels, unaccustomed to have any one question their authority, untrained in even the conception that they are the executants of law and should be obedient to it, have shown in dealing with the subjects of other governments the same despotic, self-willed, unrestrained temper they have been wont to show in dealing with the subjects of the Russian Government at home. It is certain that neither England, Germany, nor the United States will consent that Russia, by her declaration opposed to the international practice of the civilized world, shall make breadstuffs contraband of war, and, at the will of any naval officer who happens to be present, shall try and condemn a neutral ship and execute summary judgment upon it by sending it to the bottom of the sea.

Defeated at every stage of the campaign thus far by Japan, confronting the indignation of the whole commercial world, aroused by her autocracy upon the seas, she now shows in addition the divisions which threaten her bureaucracy at home. Her most renowned artist dies a martyr to his passionate desire to awaken by his realistic painting the slumbering manhood of her unwarlike people against the warlike spirit of her bureaucracy. Her greatest writer illustrates the passionate antagonism of cultivated Russia, desiring peace and an opportunity for self-development, against the bureaucracy which sacrifices both to its own sordid greed and insatiate ambition. The Finns, hitherto a measurably free people, are provoked beyond endurance by the cool disregard of imperial promises and constitutional guarantees, and are drafted into a war for which they have no heart by a power which they hate. Powerless to resist, some one crazed by anger resorts to assassination. The murder of Bobrikoff is now followed six weeks later by the murder of the head of this bureaucracy, whose police methods, no less than his cool disregard of all human rights, had made him the most hated man in the empire. We neither justify, defend, palliate, nor excuse assassination; we simply explain it.

What will be the end? It is impossible to foretell. There is little hope of that gradual development which brought England out of despotism into freedom, for the institutional religion of Russia is partner with the political bureaucracy. There seems little hope of a successful revolution like that which threw off from France in one blow the tyranny of the scepter and the miter, for no preparation has been made for such a revolution by scoffers like Voltaire and idealists like Rousseau. And yet one may be sure that beneath this bureaucratic armor there lives a real man; beneath this shell of a bureaucratic government which proves itself impotent when it meets a real foe, there lives a noble humanity. It is not with all the Russians the world is at odd; it is with the Russian bureaucracy. When Gareth met the last enemy of humanity:

"High on a night-black horse, in night-black arms,
With white heart bare and barren ribs of death,
And crowned with fleshless laughter—some ten steps—
In the half light—through the dim dawn—advanced
The monster, and then paused and spoke no word."

But when with one stroke Sir Gareth split the skull, out there

"Issued the bright face of a blooming boy
Fresh as a flower new born."

It may be that Japan is the Sir Gareth who is to split in twain the bureaucracy which at once imprisons and misrepresents Russia; that out of the dissevered and destroyed prison house may emerge the true Russia—the Russia that is strong, patient, industrious, home-loving, humane, truly devout. The hour of Russia's apparent disasters is the hour fullest of hope for her emancipation. The hour of her seeming defeat has in it a promise of her real liberation.

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# Authority in the Home

No more sincere or persuasive preacher of wholesome living has appeared in our time than M. Charles Wagner. The work of this stimulating and refreshing writer was but little known when it was first commented upon in the columns of The Outlook, and The Outlook has never found occasion to modify its judgment of the ethical quality of M. Wagner's teaching, of its pre-eminent appropriateness for this particular age, and of its possession of that kind of sweetness which means perfect health. He has been called a preacher of the commonplace, because he deals with universal duties, with the common health, with the general need; but it is well to remember, when the lovers of the esoteric, the unusual, and the highly individual in art begin their preachment, that all the greatest things are commonplace in the sense that they are, or may be, a part of the experience of every man and woman. M. Wagner has spoken not only to modern France in clear and ringing tones about the things which concern its health and life, but to the whole generation, many of whom are led astray by the misconceptions, the illusions, and the vices against which he is leading not a forlorn hope, but a gallant and inspiring charge.

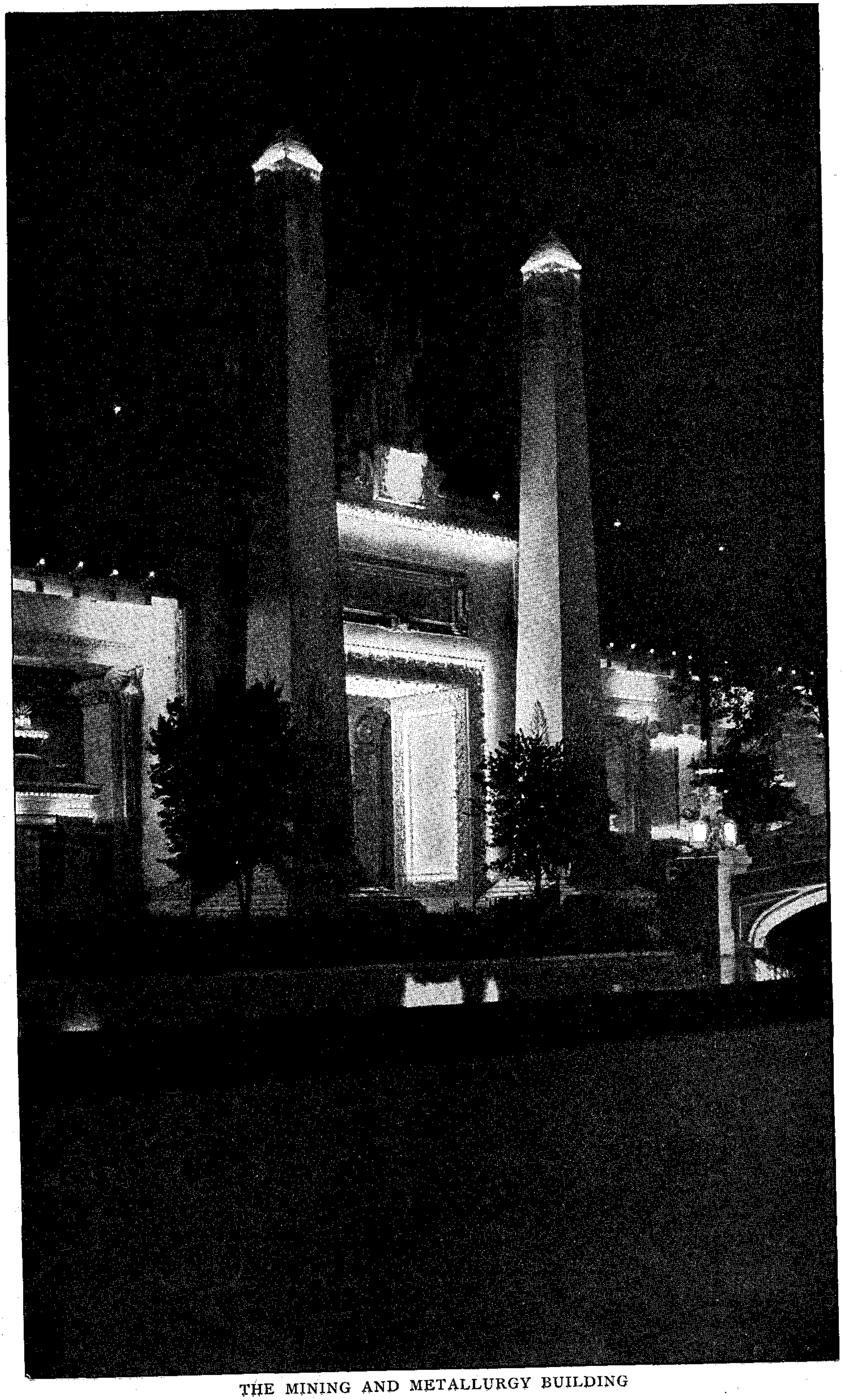
His latest volume, "By the Fireside," which bears the imprint of Messrs. McClure, Phillips & Company, New York, comes quite as close home to the needs of the age as "Youth," "The Simple Life," or "The Better Way;" for it deals with the home in all its fundamental relations, and with the duties, privileges, and responsibilities which grow out of those relations. Those victims of the whirl of the age who dash by peaceful homes and quiet gardens in automobiles at the rate of thirty miles an hour, regard with scorn the people who are at the windows, or who sit quietly under the trees, book in hand or chatting with friends; for to them happiness has come to be simply a matter of sensation. The old and deep springs of human content, peace, and joy have dried up; the delicate and varied impressions of nature, of human intercourse, and of art have ceased to reach them. Nothing appeals to them except hard, crude, poignant sensation; something that strikes the ear, or the eye, or the palate like a blow, but never reaches the heart or the soul.

Now, it is to those who know that the strength of society is in the home, that the deepest springs of joy are in its relations, that it is the earliest and the most influential school in which men and women are trained, that within its privacy the sweetest and the most delicate manifestations of character are fostered and preserved, that M. Wagner speaks in this volume. Among the many things which he says, there is not one of greater value to the heads of American households than his comment on authority: "Our educational influence," he writes, "is determined by what governs us. We communicate to children less of what we say than of what we are; and it is useless to point out to a child the straight and narrow path when we ourselves are walking in the crooked way. The first condition of education is therefore stability, and stability is the source of authority. Now, authority in the home ought not to rest on conventional right conferred by law and ratified by custom in the Church. To force obedience or to impose restraint by virtue of superior strength invites rebellion as soon as the strength of the child equals that of the parent. Authority is therefore 'a freeing force of the soul.' It consists in giving by one's attitude, his bearing, all that he does and says, an impression of reality, of uprightness; in a word, making manifest through his conduct the very laws of life." No one element is more needed in the American homes of to-day than the element of authority; that element without which the education of children loses its vertebrate strength, so to speak. Hosts of American parents abdicate the functions which they have no moral right to part with, and confer upon children authority which no child is qualified to exercise. Parents are put over children for the express purpose of giving the child the benefit of a larger experience, the protecting care of an ampler knowledge of the world. To allow a child who knows little of consequences and conditions to decide grave questions of education is to force upon the immature mind an authority which only the mature mind is qualified to exercise. But authority must rest, as M. Wagner suggests, not on a conventional notion of a parent's right, or on tradition, but on character. Not long ago the head of one of the largest secondary schools for boys in America explained to a visitor that under the rules of the school a boy might be expelled on detection for smoking, so deleterious did he regard the habit during the schoolboy age. "But how can I enforce that rule," he added, "when a great number of the boys who come here drive up from the station with their fathers, both smoking?"

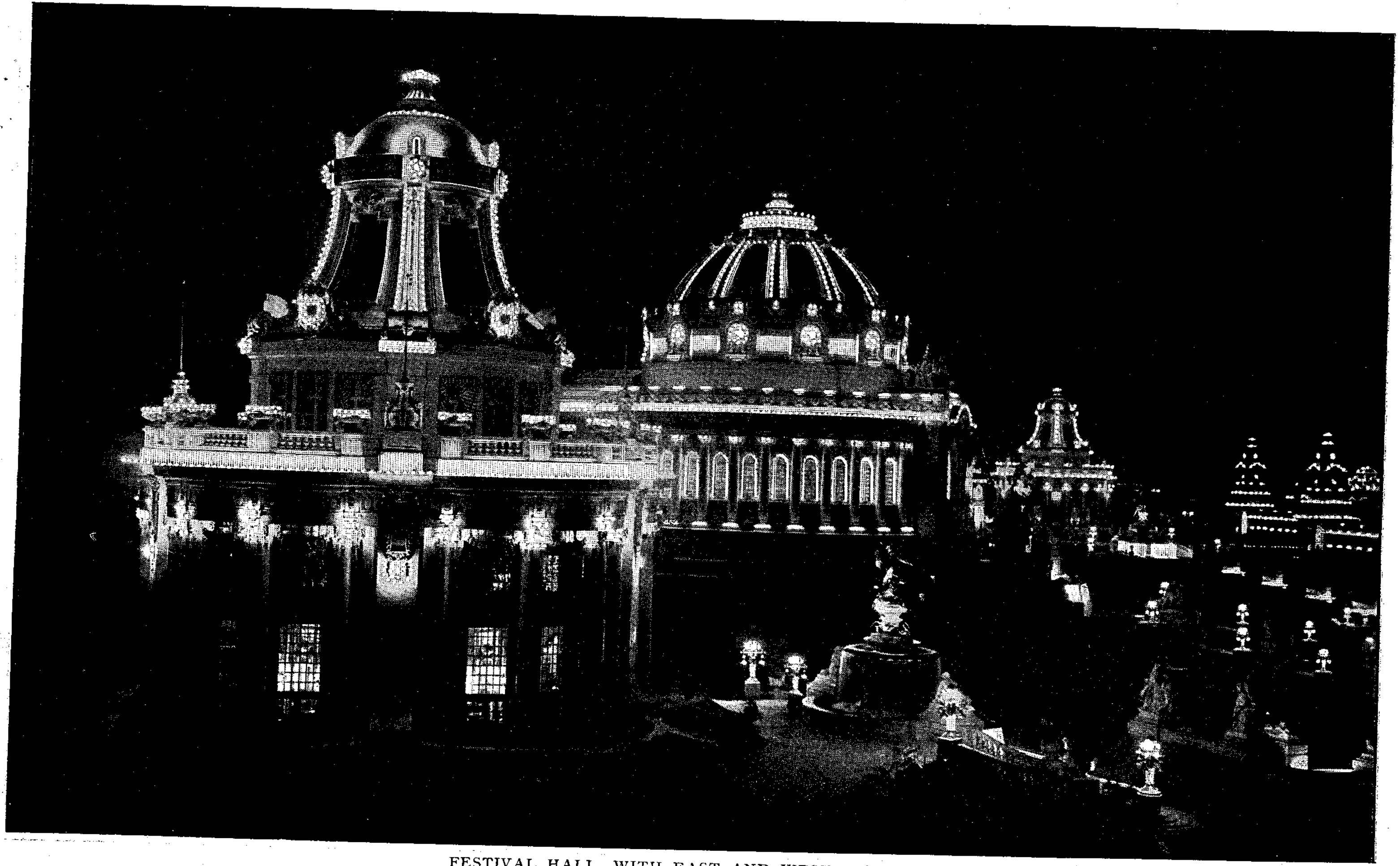
There is more liberty in the United States than any man or woman now living can rightly use. What we want is more restraint, more reverence for law, a deeper sense of responsibilites and duties. In the American home distinction between law and license ought to be taught with the utmost clearness. Behind every child's life there ought to be the sustaining power of authority; but that authority, as M. Wagner suggests, must reside in character.

# THE WORLD'S FAIR AT NIGHT

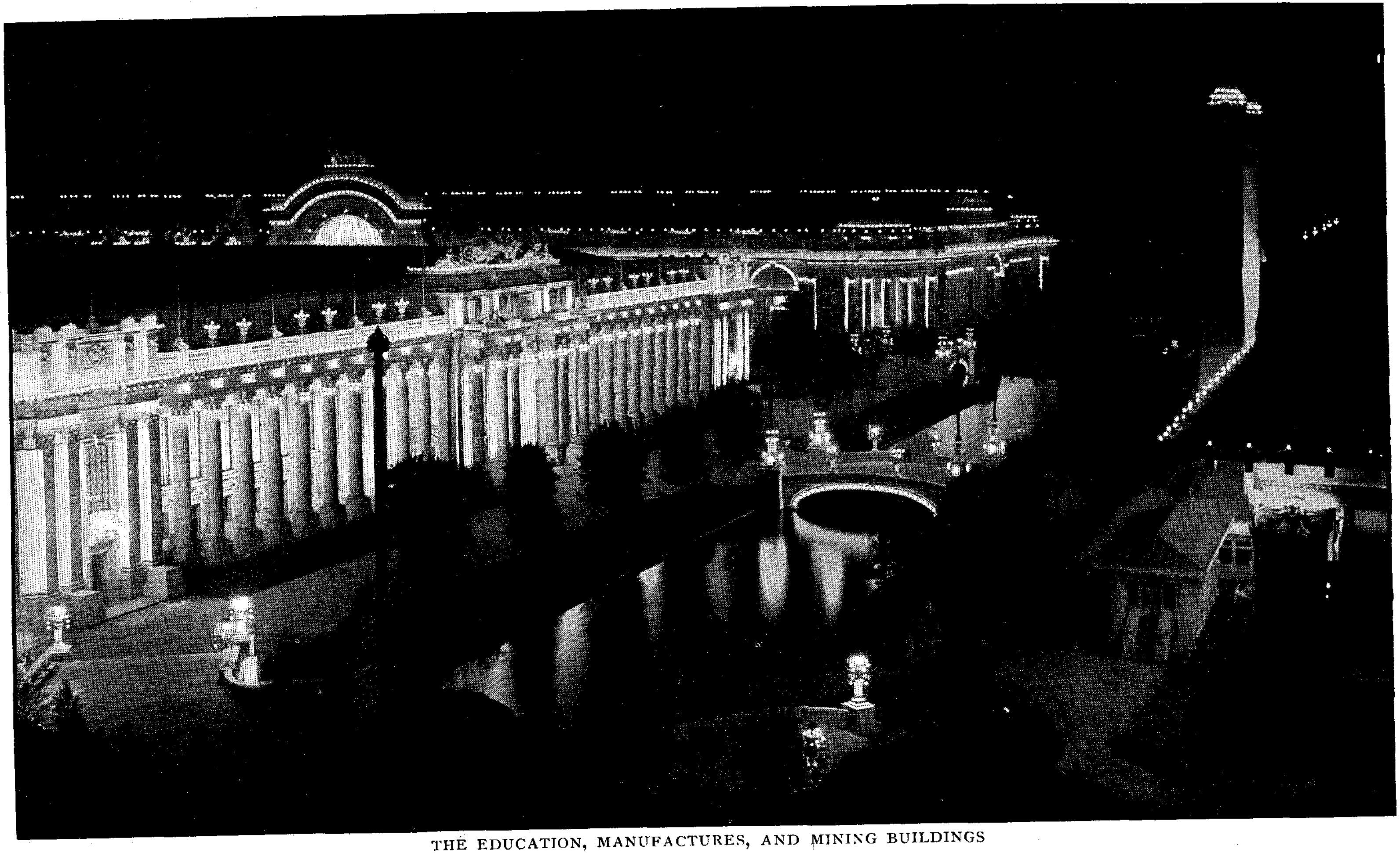
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR HEWITT



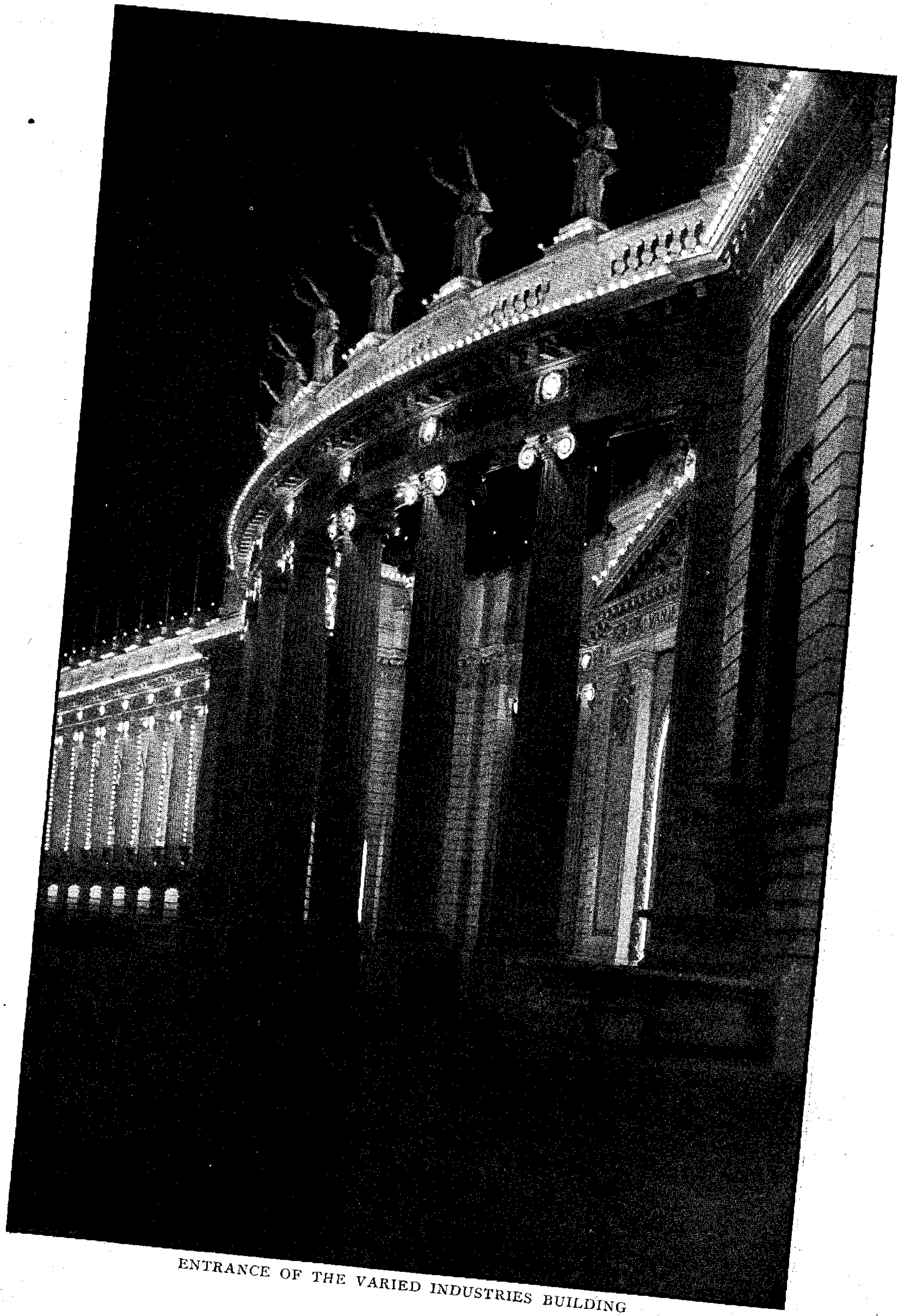
THE MINING AND METALLURGY BUILDING



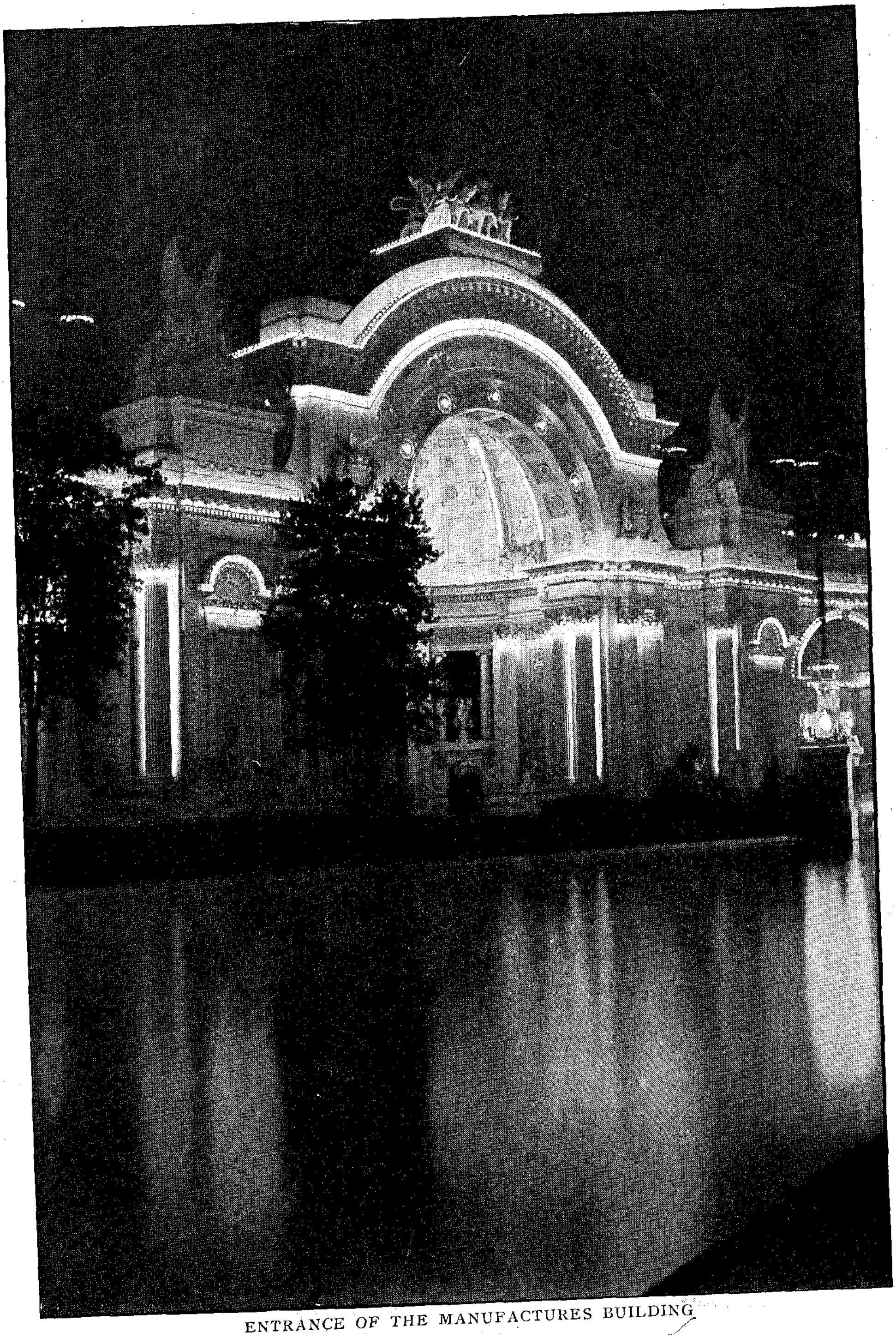
FESTIVAL HALL, WITH EAST AND WEST PAVILIONS



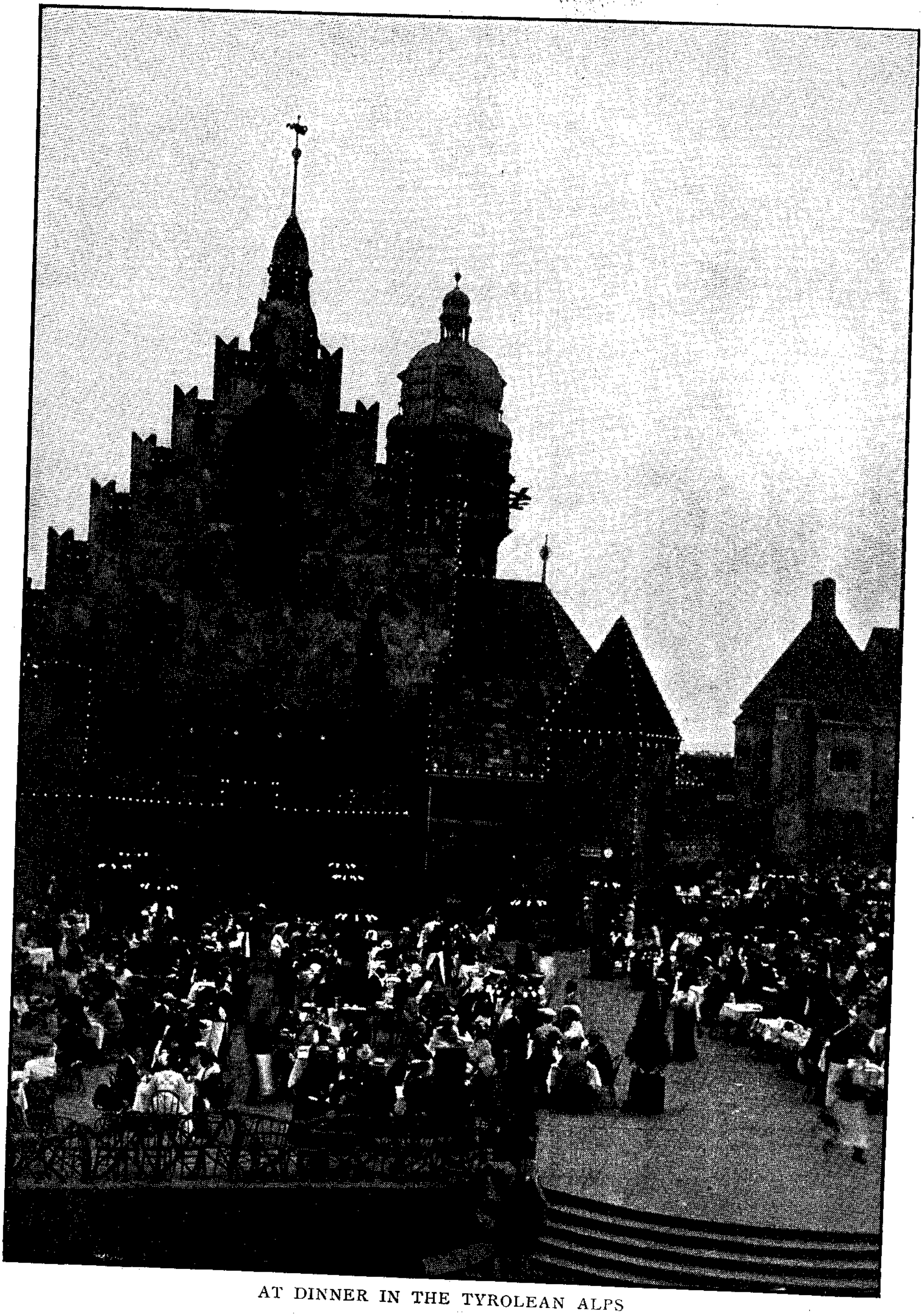
THE EDUCATION, MANUFACTURES, AND MINING BUILDINGS



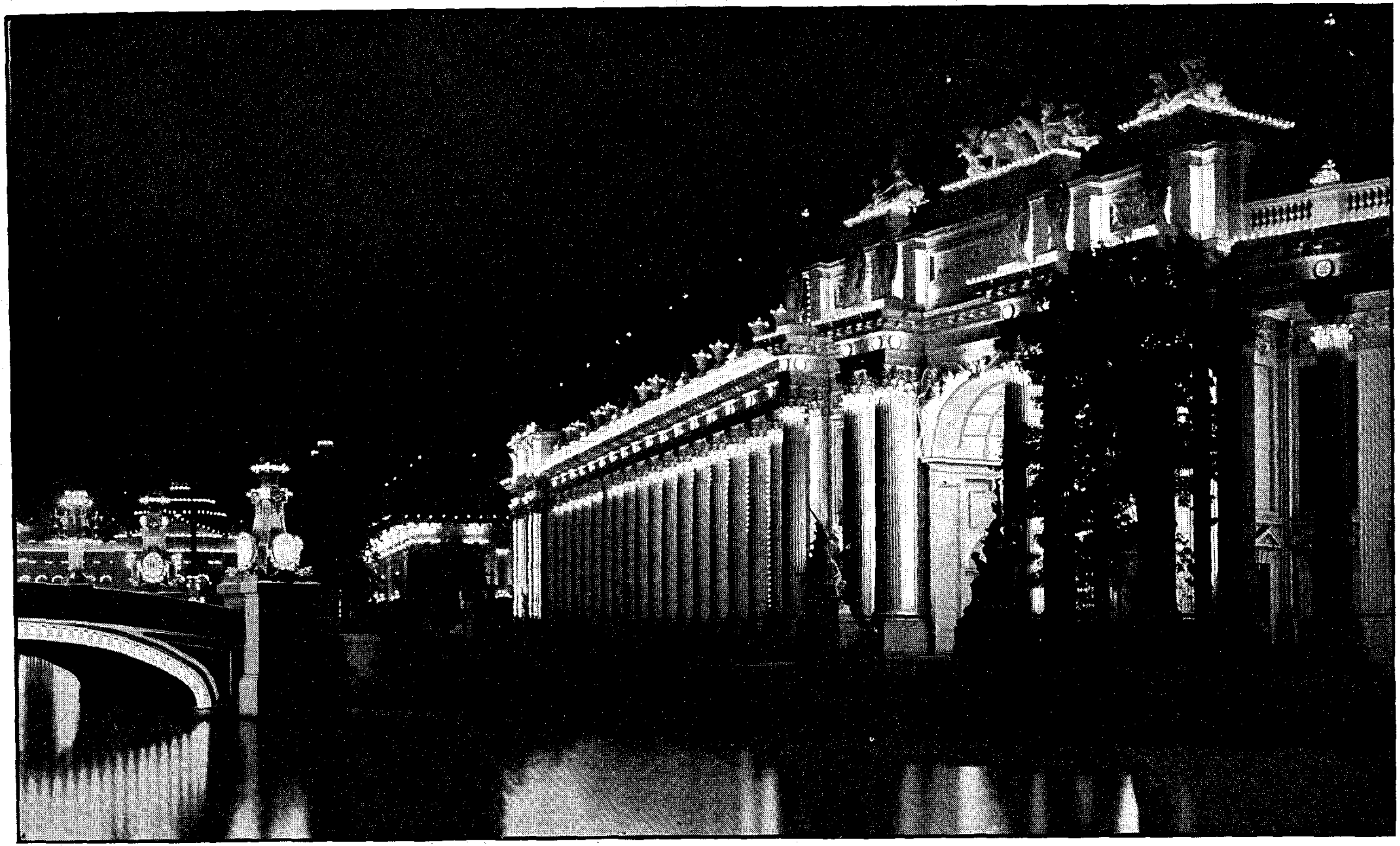
ENTRANCE OF THE VARIED INDUSTRIES BUILDING



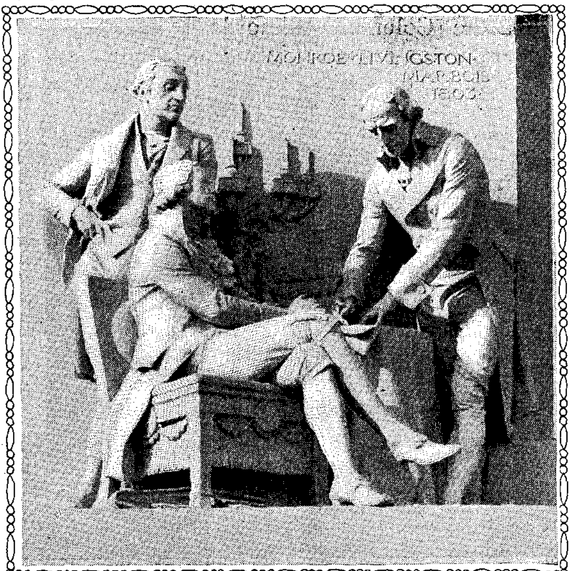
ENTRANCE OF THE MANUFACTURES BUILDING



AT DINNER IN THE TYROLEAN ALPS



THE EDUCATION BUILDING



# THE WORLD'S FAIR AS AN EDUCATIVE FORCE

### BY WILLIAM F. SLOCUM LL.D.

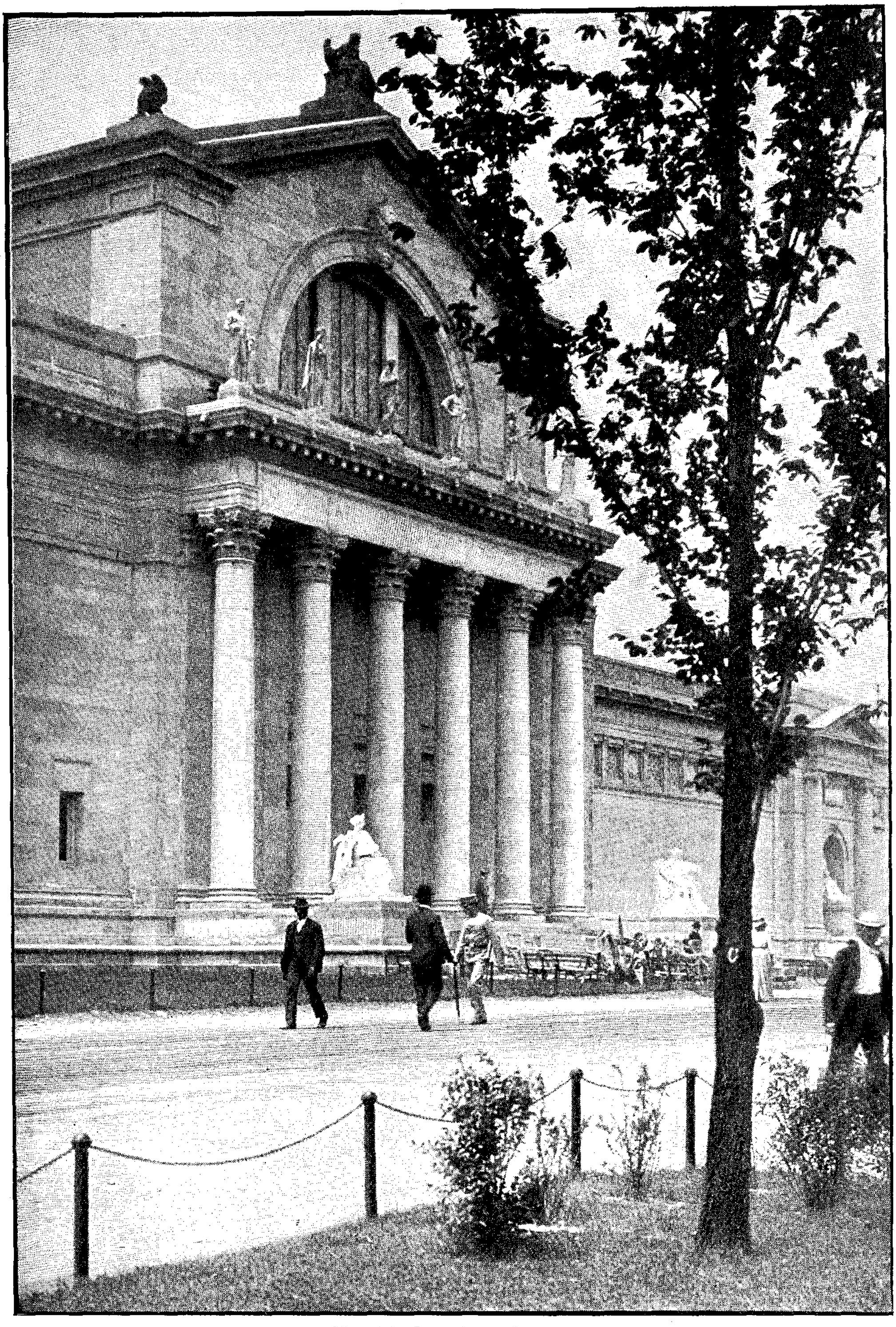
PRESIDENT OF COLORADO COLLEGE
ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR HEWITT

F. C. GORDON

BEFORE the memory that many of us have of the beautiful White City which arose in Chicago in 1893 has grown dim, there has arisen in St. Louis another city of the kind, as wonderful in its way, and even greater in extent. We listen with surprise as we are told that the space it covers is greater than that occupied by the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, the Columbian at Chicago, and the Pan-American at Buffalo combined. We do not wonder that many have asked, and not unthinkingly, Why all this so soon? Has enough transpired in the world of thought during the past ten years to justify this expenditure of money and time? The money alone that has been spent here is three times what the United States Government paid for the whole territory covered by the famous Purchase of 1803; and this is only a small contribution to the enterprise compared with the thought, the labor, and the tireless devotion of those who have planned and executed it.

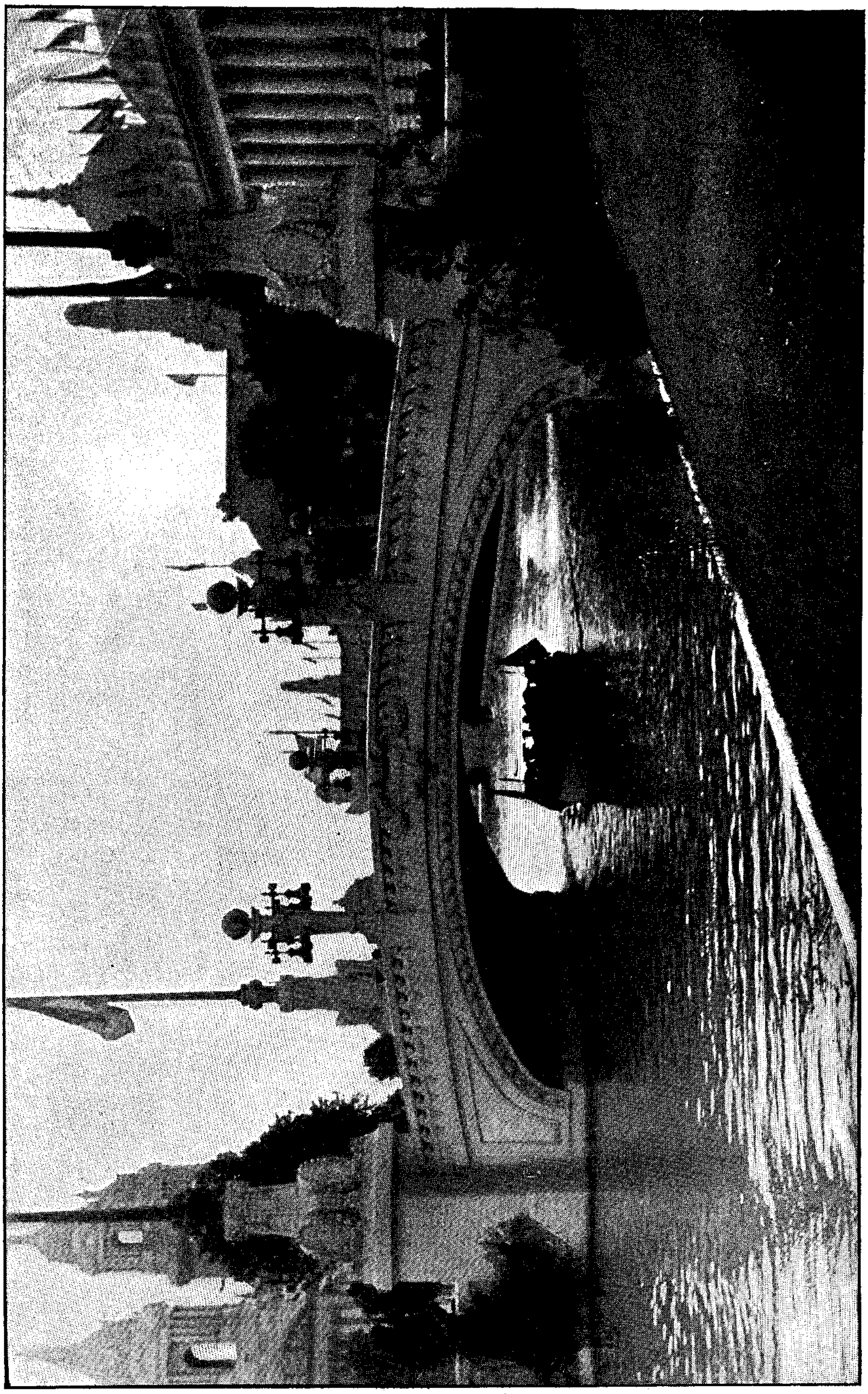
One need only recall what the other great Fairs have done to enlighten and educate the masses of people who have flocked to them to be sure that this, too, will have its own definite and direct results, though it may be too early now to tell what these are to be, with the same certainty with which we note the specific outcome of each of the others. We recall clearly the result of the Crystal Palace Exposition, in the permanent Art Exhibits, first in London at South Kensington, and thence spreading widely elsewhere; we see that the entire readjustment of primary education in France was largely the outgrowth of the educational exhibit at Paris in 1878; and how marked was the development of manual industries and domestic decorative art following our Centennial Exhibition; and, again, the impetus that the whole West received through the Columbian Exhibition. While it is still too early to note the specific and concrete contributions to our American life that this Fair at St. Louis will give, one sentence fully expresses the purposes of its administrative officers. It was the Director of Exhibits who said, at the opening, "Education is the keynote of the Universal Exposition of 1904." With this dominant idea in mind, a city has been erected in the almost incredibly short space of three years, in a densely grown forest park, a city in which twenty-five thousand people are for seven months living and ministering in various ways to the many thousands who come within its gates each day. Shortly after the closing of these gates next December, the city will vanish from sight, living only, as its predecessors have lived, and as its founders purposed that it should, in the widened thought of the people. The adjoining buildings of the Washington University, which have been used for administrative work, will have added to them, it is hoped, many others that will mark the spot of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. But the city itself must disappear; and hence the question seems most pertinent, "Will this great Fair contribute to the world's work something of definite educational value?" It seems obvious that it will do this, first, in exactly the same way that the Columbian Fair did. There the story its managers had to tell was given so plainly and directly that many learned for the first time what an Exposition could offer, and how it should be viewed; this knowledge was quickly and widely spread in the most effective way possible, as those who saw it told their impressions and experiences to children, kinsfolk, and friends, and it is these that are profiting by that story now. Much also was admirably written about it, so that its history has become a familiar household tale. It is possibly because of this that less has been said in the papers in all sections of the country of this present Fair. It seems to be taken for granted that the people at large are sufficiently instructed in regard to great Fairs, and that all that needs to be said of this is that it is a worthy sequel to the one at Chicago. It is the same kind of people that learned most there that will be the greatest gainers here—the great mass of unlearned if not unlettered people, whose first really wide outlook is to come to them now, and that other class, possibly as large, who have never known the widening influence of travel, but have learned from their reading the fact that here much that the ordinary traveler may fail to see is made accessible to them, and who come eagerly to carry away all they can of general, not technical, value. These are, undoubtedly, the ones upon whom the Fair will have its most far-reaching effect. In saying this, one does not ignore the mechanical expert, or the student of social science or of educational work in any department, who gets what, with few exceptions, he can find nowhere else. His

"THE SPIRIT OF THE PACIFIC"

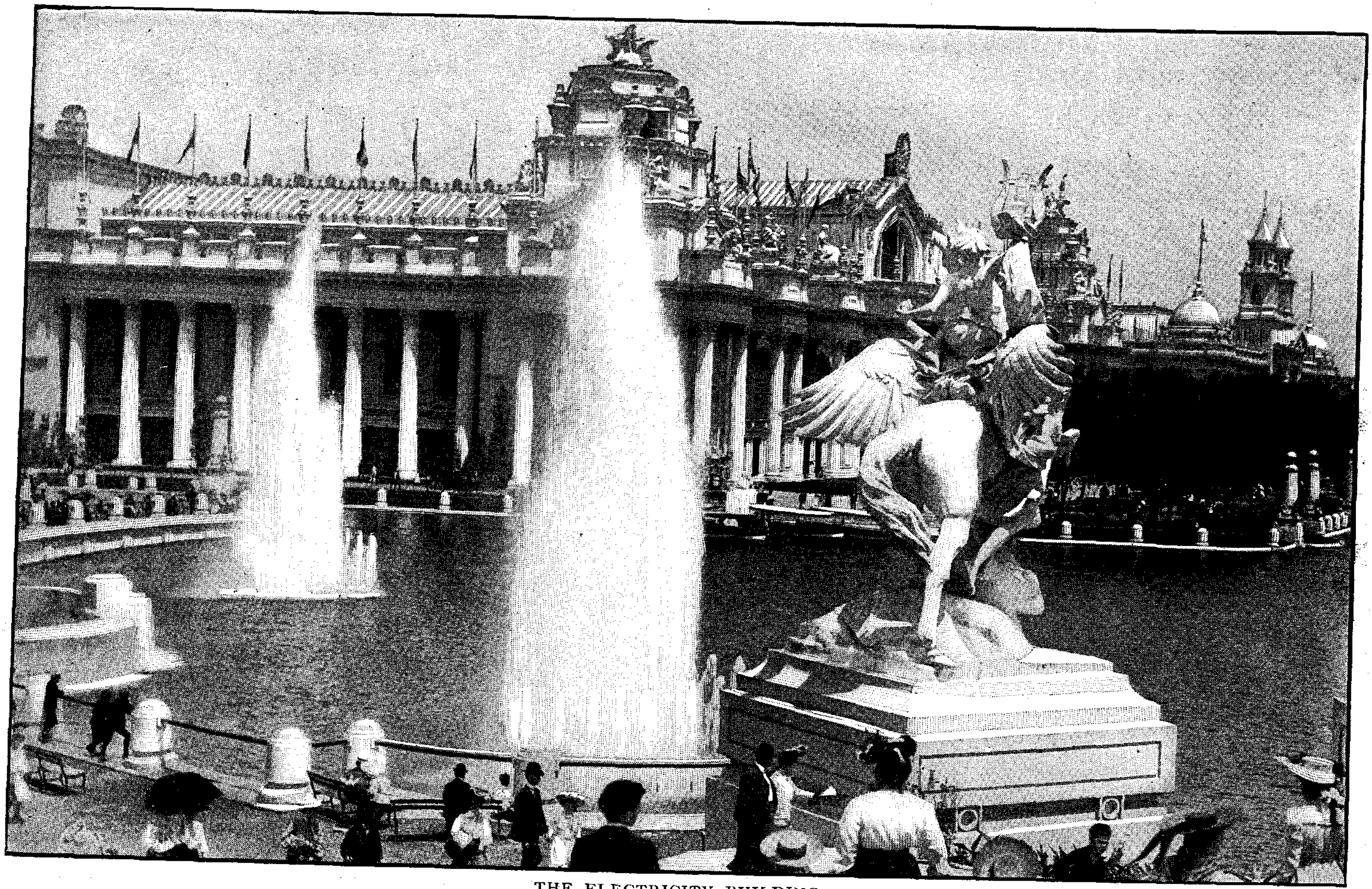


THE FINE ARTS BUILDING

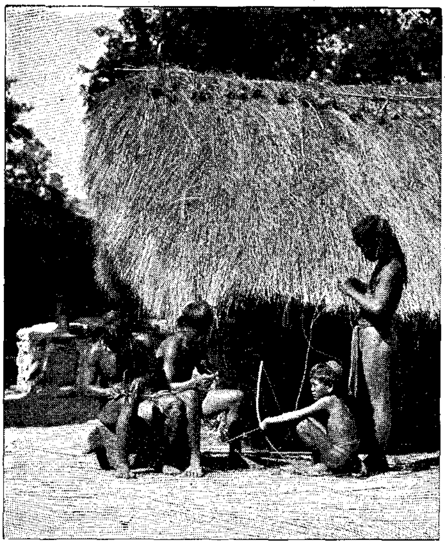
A permanent Art Gallery



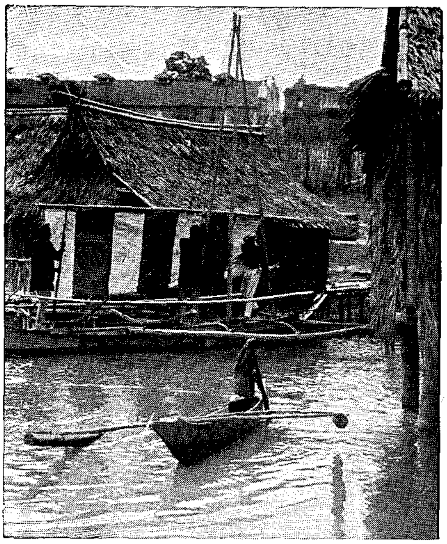
TOWARD EVENING ON THE CANAL



THE ELECTRICITY BUILDING

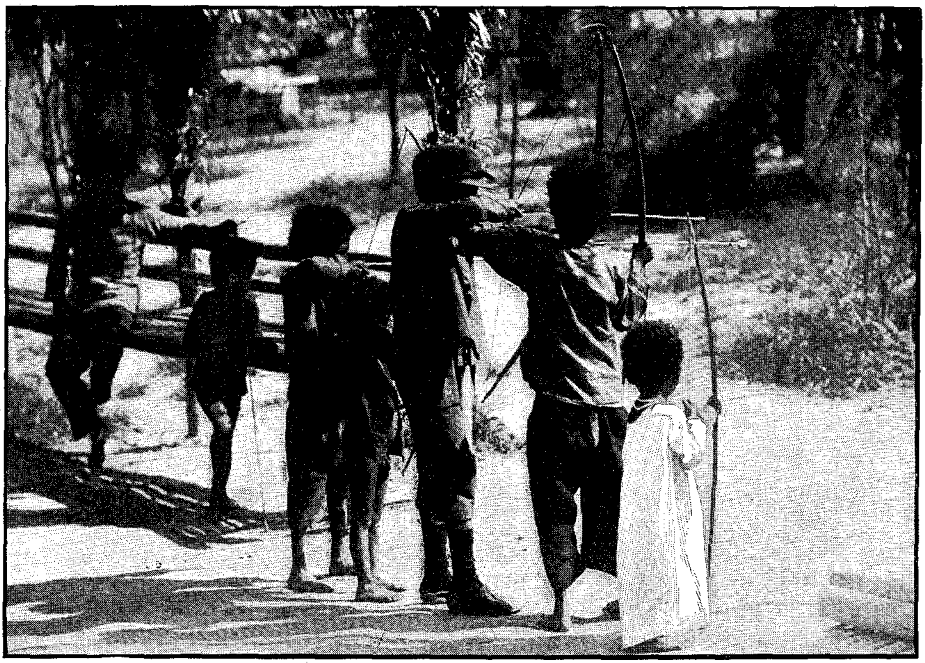


IN THE PHILIPPINE EXHIBIT
A group of Igorrotes



IN THE PHILIPPINE EXHIBIT
Moro houses and boats

gain is definite—he utilizes it at once. The value of the exhibits to him may be shown by many interesting and concrete illustrations; but the specialist is only one among the thousands of those who throng the buildings of the sixteen great exhibits, who look upon the beauty of the structures radiating from the Festival Hall, with its cascades and fountains, who walk over the bridges and study the monuments each bearing a name or celebrating an event of importance connected with the history of that great region known to many Americans,

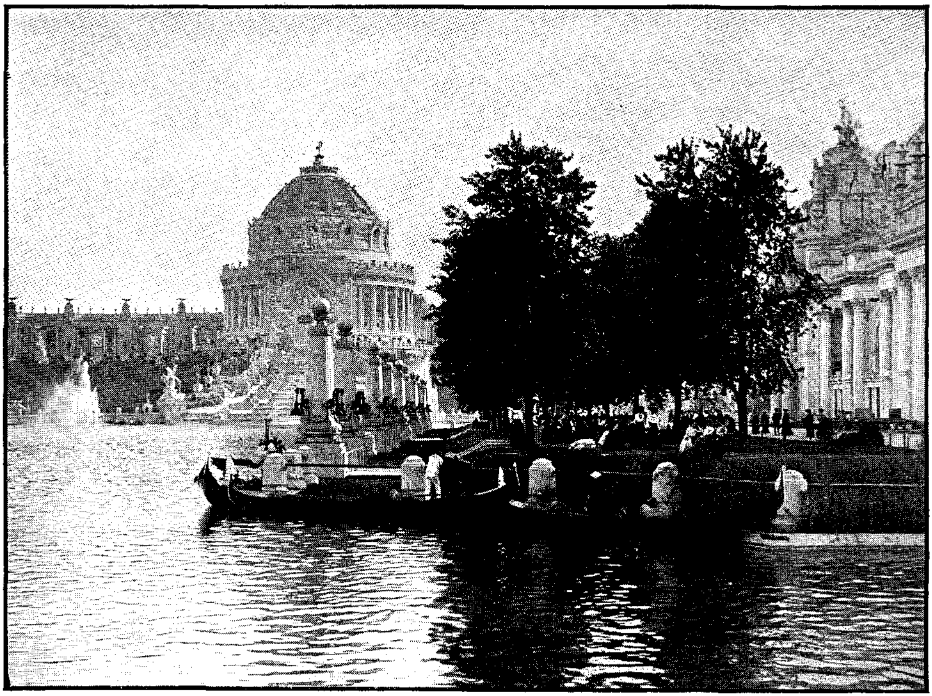


IN THE PHILIPPINE EXHIBIT
Little Negritos shooting at coins

all too vaguely, as the Louisiana Purchase.

It is the people who do their own honest but inconspicuous share of the work of the world who are to be the largest gainers from this great effort which has been put forth to bring the story of the work of the world to them. They may never be able to make an estimate of the effect it is to have upon their thoughts and actions, but they are of exactly the same class as were the hundreds of thousands who saw the buildings at Chicago, who examined those artistic and industrial exhibits, and carried back to their homes a new artistic sense. However crude this may often have been, it has had a beneficent effect upon thousands of homes in a way that only those who know the West well can understand, and the Exhibition at St. Louis will do the same kind of good work for the great numbers, especially in the Southwest, who in their turn are having this story of the world's work brought to them.

It is interesting to note that some of the most valuable exhibits are those of processes as well as results, very often the greater effort being made to show the former rather than the latter. In many instances these processes are shown so well, are explained so patiently, that glimpses are given into whole departments of knowledge that must awaken an interest which will not be content till wide reading has made the subject a familiar one. Much may justly be said of the unwisdom of superficial work in sightseeing as well as in the class-room and laboratory, and there is danger in thinking "a ramble through a World's Fair is an equivalent for a liberal education." But too much emphasis cannot be laid on the value of such a ramble to the open-eyed and open-souled thousands who have waited for this event to gain their first vital knowledge of the way other workers do their work. In one sense the influence of a great fair can never be spoken of as local; but its special and direct influence on its immediate locality must inevitably be a marked one. The great value of this to the Southwest cannot be measured; this section has already passed through



FESTIVAL HALL

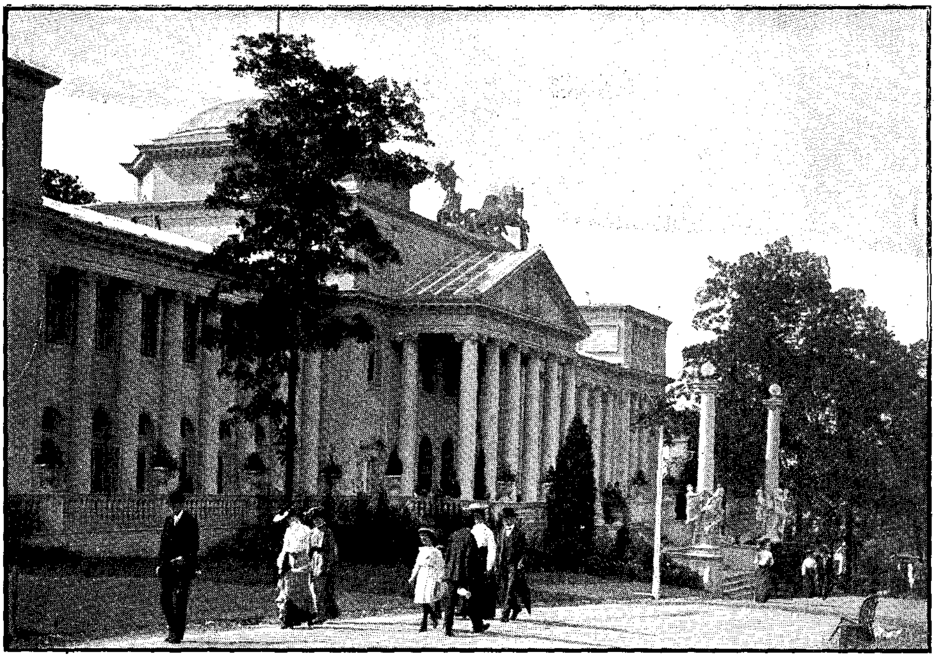
THE NEW MEXICO BUILDING

A fine example of Spanish Mission architecture

various stages in which its rural home life was represented by the dugout, the log cabin, and the frame dwelling-house. It now is ready to pass rapidly into a more fully developed life into which the arts and sciences, as the older communities know them, are to play their part.

It certainly seems that now as never before has the story been put so vividly before all that he who runs must surely read. All the familiar rules of exclusion are here reversed. There is no door closed to any who would enter the workshop as well as the salesroom; rather is there the most cordial invitation to enter in and to receive detailed explanations for which time cannot be found when the exhibitor is in his own workshop or factory.

In estimating the value of the Exposition, it must never be forgotten that its distinct purpose is to make people see things. The extent of the things to be here shown may best be given in the words of President Francis on its opening day: "So thoroughly does it represent the world's civilization, that if all man's other works were by some unspeakable catastrophe blotted out, the records here established by the assembled nations would offer all necessary standards for the rebuilding of our entire civilization." As part of this all-comprehending plan, one may find several separate ones, none more distinct than that by which it is intended to indicate definitely the strides which have been made during the past decade throughout the civilized world, and especially in our own country, in the industrial arts and applied sciences, and also in social and educational work. In the exhibits which illustrate this advance, the lay mind as well as the expert finds a world of interest opened to him. No printed book could tell the same story of the development that has come in the industrial life of the country, and of what such development means to the whole social and economic order; what a part machinery is playing in the making of the Nation; the changes that electrical machinery and apparatus have brought into modern life. It does not seem a far call back to the days when the telephone was regarded as of such questionable value that the committee on exhibits refused to give it a place,



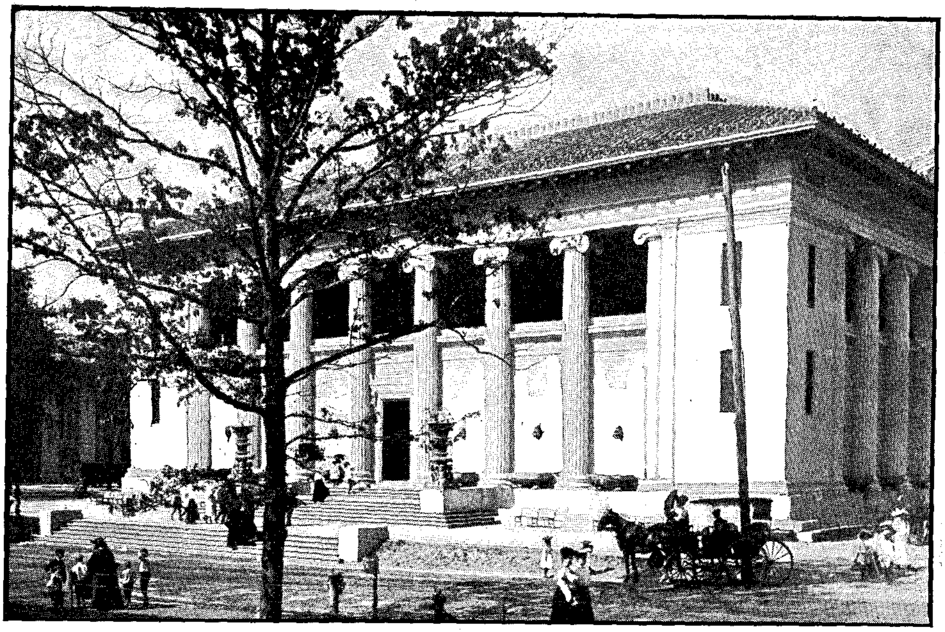
THE NEW YORK BUILDING

Modeled after Jefferson's design for the University of Virginia

and it was shown in a meager way off the fair grounds. In St. Louis, it would be impossible to transact the business of the Exposition without the telephone, and wireless telegraphy has its rightful place of prominence in the electrical exhibit, side by side with the illustrations of the use of electricity in transportation and illumination, and its value in therapeutics.

One sees quickly what a comparative study may be made in all the great exhibits of the influences that are molding our social life; how a scientific study of agriculture and horticulture directly touches the personal and family life of the farmer as well as does the perfection of machinery. When the land is plowed deeper and more quickly by one person than it was formerly by half a dozen; when the seed is so improved by culture that the crop therefrom is many times more valuable, one passes quickly in thought from the farmer's crop to the farmer's children on remote plains, who are to have a wider opportunity to make themselves of value in the social order, and one has a new light upon that remarkable exhibit in the building devoted to social economy and education, which, more than any other, claims the attention of the trained thinker. It is significant of the place that social science and educational work have taken in the thought of the world that, for the first time, an entire building in a great exposition has been set apart for their exhibits; and yet the demand for space, both from foreign nations and the United States, was so great that it was impossible to provide for them all in this building, with its more than seven acres of floor space. Here, perhaps more than anywhere else, the parent or teacher with most limited training stands side by side with the traveled expert, and both carry away the best the Exposition has for them.

The display of the work in manual training is so striking that one can hardly smile at the frequent questioners who say, "Is manual training all that is taught in the schools?" When the reply is, "No, only an hour and a half a week is given to it," a train of thought is started that is not long in giving a just estimate of the value of this work, and the less conspicuous exhibits of other school



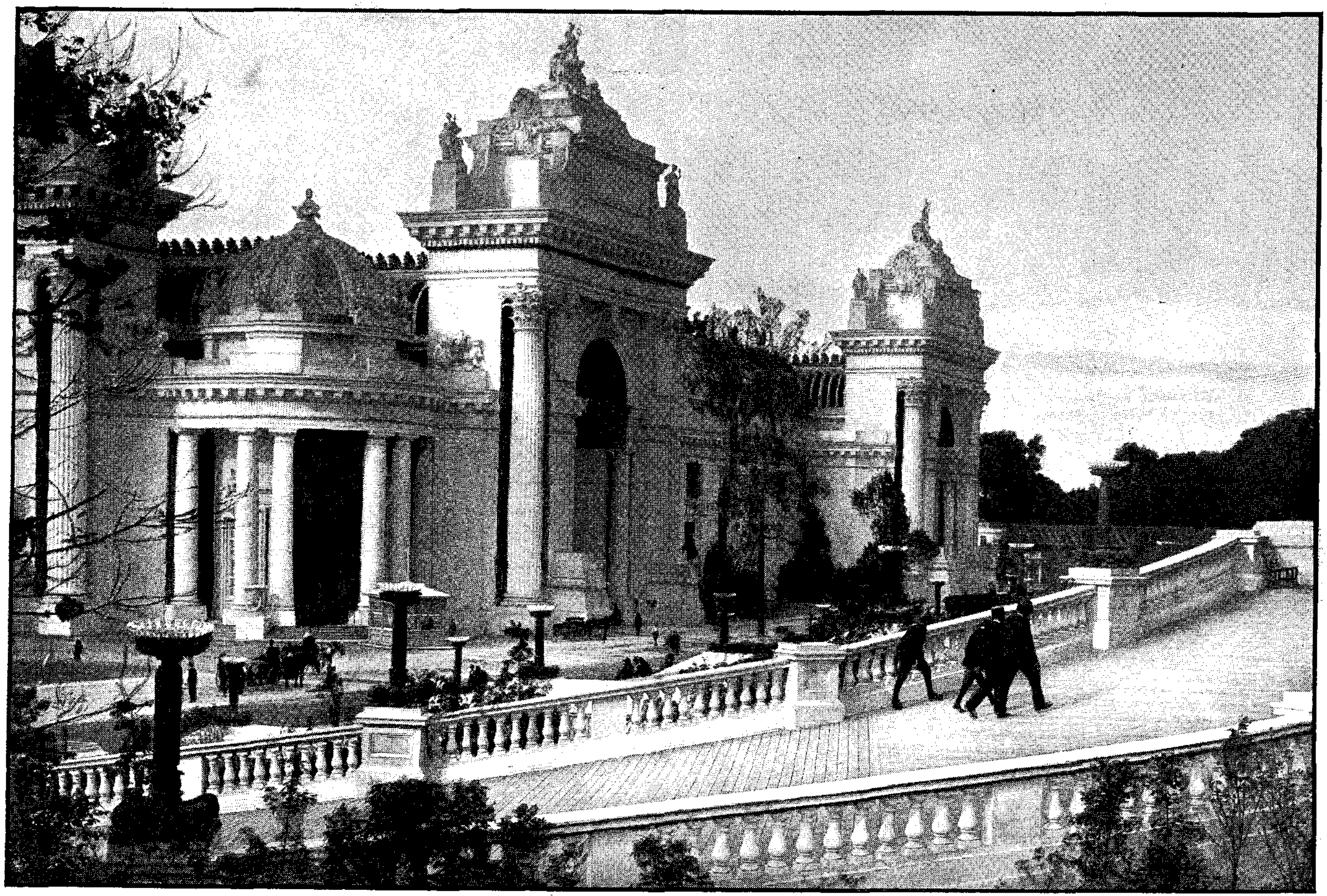
THE FISHERIES BUILDING

work take their rightful place of importance.

It is impossible within the scope of such an article as this to make even a passing allusion to all the National exhibits, but no estimate of the educational value of the Fair can be made without making mention of those which the Governments of Germany and Japan have sent. Such painstaking care, such exhaustive studies of whatever they have attempted to show, whether in the Varied Industries or educational and social work, have never before been given in any exhibit, and they have sent their best men to explain this their best work. A passing question, if an intelligent one, will draw forth a detailed elucidation of a whole educational system of the Germans, of the Government insurance, of city and rural sanitation, and a dozen other kindred subjects. The student going to Germany for the sole purpose of studying any one of these finds here what he could not there, save under special favor and by long and difficult searching. It has been wisely said that "the best way to learn to work is by seeing work well done." And in these notable instances, as well as in many cases of our own home exhibits, an object-lesson is given in accurate and complete classification, in simple and yet adequate illustration that is of inestimable educational value.

As the presence of the building devoted to educational and social economy indicates a growth in public thought, so does the absence of any special exhibit of woman's work, as such, signify another important advance. What the Woman's Building at Chicago accomplished would make the presence of one here an anomaly. However undefined and unsatisfactory in many ways woman's place in the economic world still is, she has a position of greater dignity in the public mind when the value of her invention or her product is judged solely on the basis of its intrinsic merit.

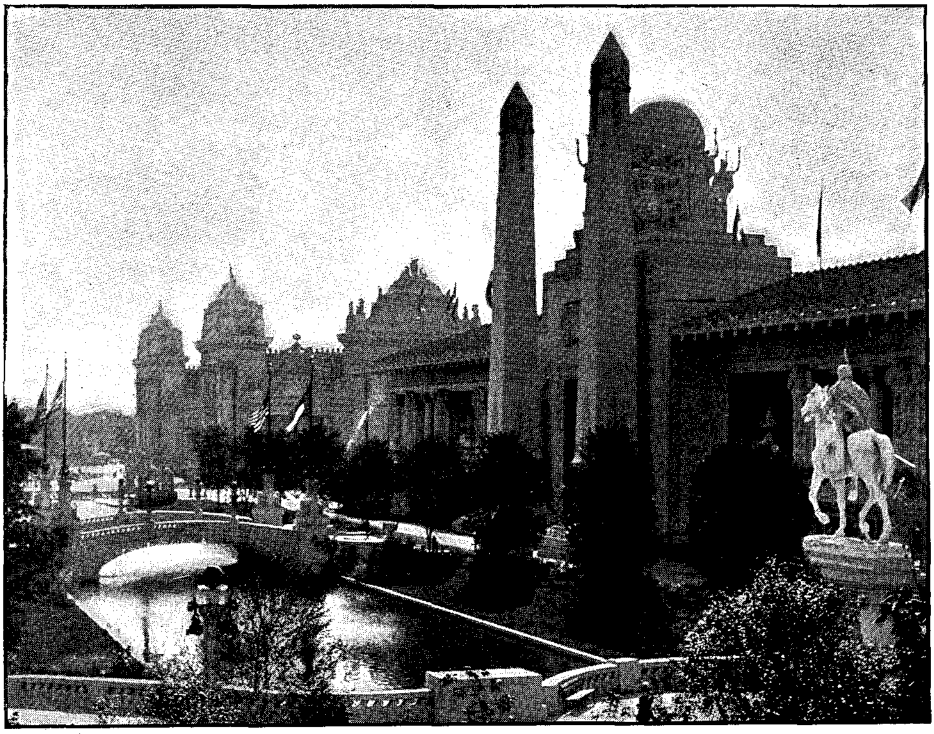
Our own Government, as it is fitting it should, easily leads all others in the interest and value of its exhibits. These give practically the whole story of the permanent and continuous contribution of the Nation through its Government to the welfare of its citizens. They show the people, as has never been done before in so concrete and so vivid a manner, the multiform ways in which the Federal Government guards their personal lives and liberties day and night, year in and year out, quietly, steadily, and more effectually than any individual or any



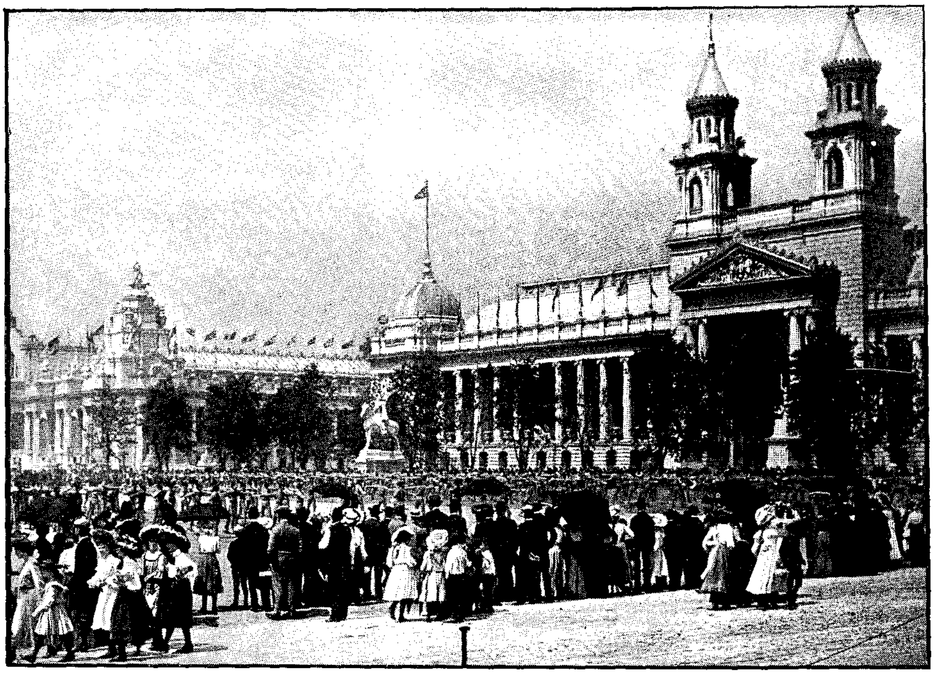
THE PALACE OF LIBERAL ARTS

local organization could possibly do it. The dust from the conflict between opposing political parties so fills the horizon of most people that they too seldom step aside from it and gain a point of view whence they can see clearly how all-important, how wise, and how beneficent is the provision made by their National Government for the care and protection of private life as well as for the public welfare.

Too much cannot be said of the wisdom of the arrangement of these exhibits that the Government has placed at St. Louis—of the due proportion given to the work of its various departments, especially to those upon whose quiet, constant, and effective work its citizens must depend, though they are not wont to realize this dependence till the knowledge of it comes in some concrete way. In a commanding position on Government Hill stands the large and dignified United States Building, where all the exhibits of the Government are assembled, with the exception of those of the Commission of Fish and Fisheries and the Life-Saving Service, which are in separate buildings and in several special outdoor exhibits. Thus, in a definite and singularly compact but never crowded way, is shown what comes under the province of each department of the Government; for instance, the Department of State has, through its gallery of pictures, its facsimiles of the Declaration of Independence, the Articles of Confederation, the Constitution of the United States, important treaties, historic messages, and scores of other papers, given in outline the history not only of the establishment of the Government, but of our whole diplomatic service; while in the Department of the Treasury a veritable mint is constantly at work. And so through the exhibit of each department is found the twofold idea of showing not only the present state of development of the work delegated to it, but the constant process by which the unceasing daily work is done whereby the Government carries our mails, gives us our maps and charts, cultivates our seeds and protects our forests, lights our treacherous coasts and studies the problem of our arid lands. To



THE MINING AND METALLURGY BUILDING



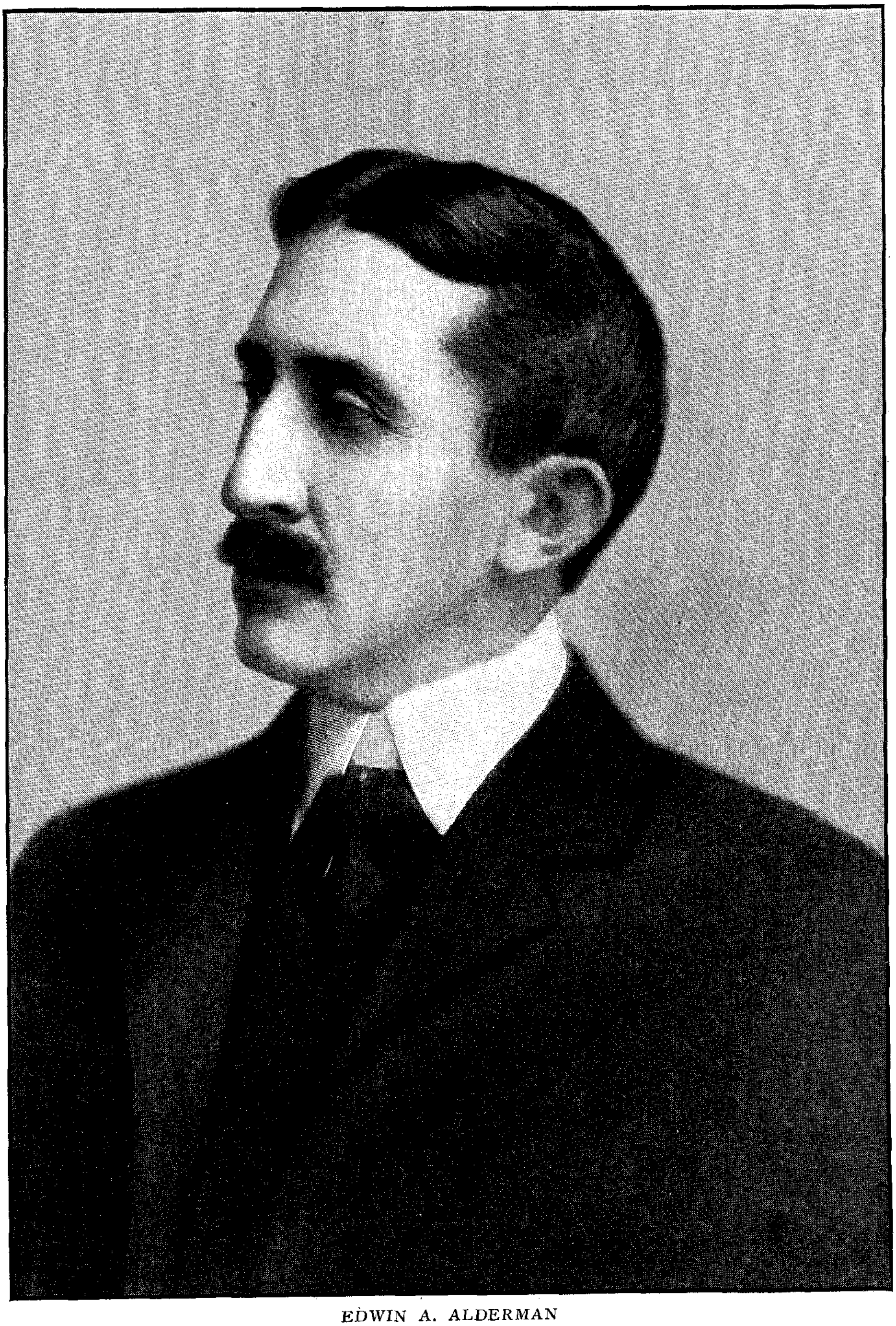
MILITARY SCHOOL CADETS AT DRILL ON THE PLAZA

several scores of people representing all classes and conditions, but most of them in the humbler walks of life, the question was put casually, "What interests you most here?" Without exception the answer was given unhesitatingly, "The Government exhibits."

The Exposition is in all essential points as perfect an illustration as has been seen of the method of the "University of the Future," which is to exchange pictures and living objects for text-books, and to make these, with the aid of laboratory work, the means whereby instruction is given and individual development to be obtained.

Although it may suggest no new principle upon which educational work is to be developed, the execution of the purpose underlying the Fair is so admirably executed that it must, by the very excellence of its classification and the perfection of the pictures it shows, and by the way in which it carries on its continuous processes of work, give emphasis and sanction to the changes already wrought in the educational world. In one sense it may be said to show the high-water mark of progress in educational matters up to the present moment.

Though one may not foresee how widely or how wisely the extension of these methods may be applied as a result of the Fair, the point of view it presents can give only a hopeful outlook upon the educational work of the next decade.



EDWIN A. ALDERMAN

The new President of the University of Virginia

# Edwin Anderson Alderman

## By R. H. Dabney

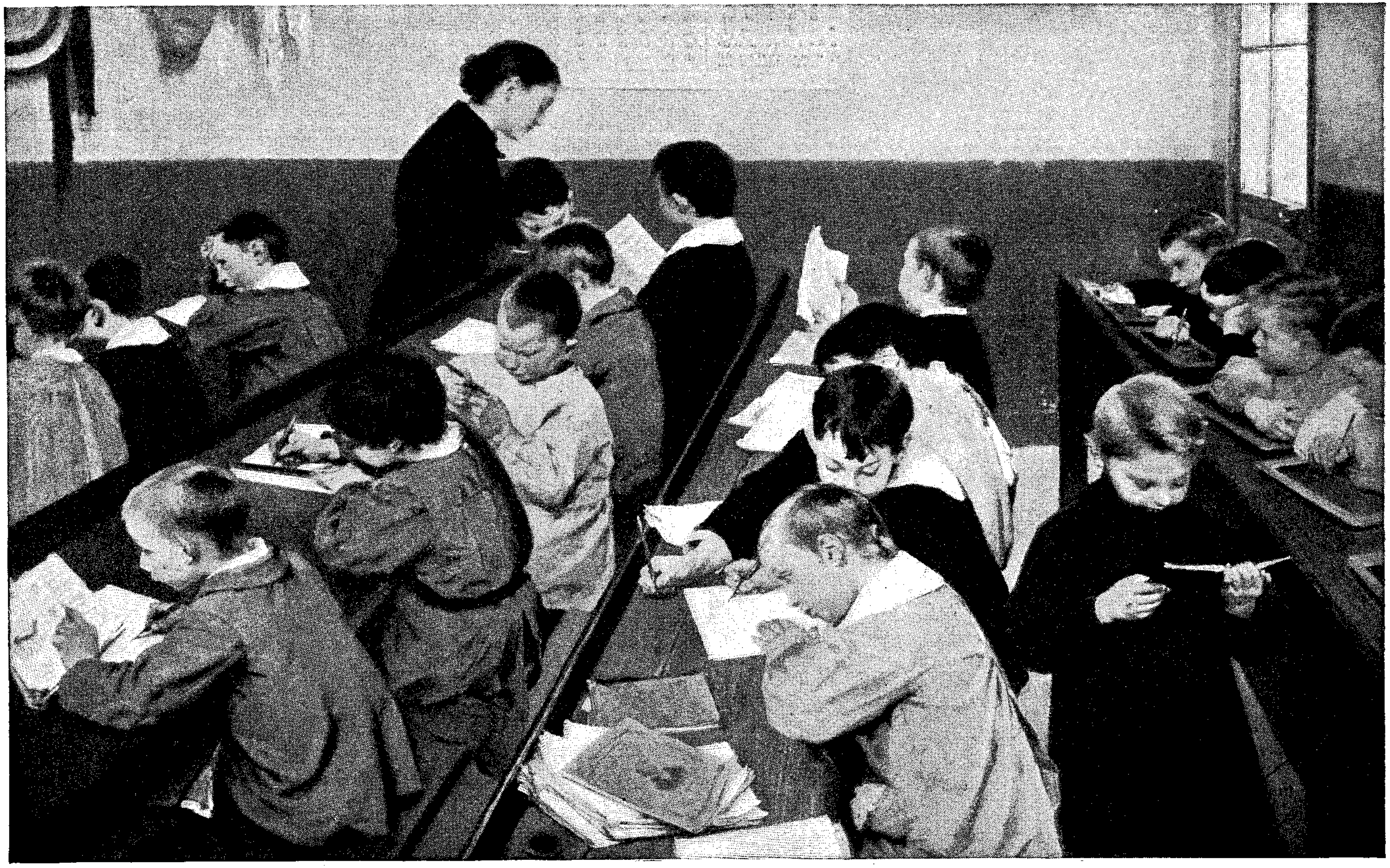
IT is significant that every member of the Board of Trustees of Tulane University signed a letter requesting Dr. Alderman, who has just accepted the presidency of the University of Virginia, to decline that office, and that telegrams to the same effect poured in upon him from the Governor of Louisiana and other prominent citizens of that State. Evidently he is not one of those prophets that lack honor in their own country. For four years he has been President of Tulane, and has so won the favor of that eminent institution and its supporters that they are loth to give him up.

Being forty-two years of age, Dr. Alderman is in the prime of life, old enough to have mature views upon life and education, young enough to carry out those views with energy and vigor. Polished and dignified in his manners, Dr. Alderman is at the same time devoid of stiffness. Some college dons deem it necessary to assume an air of ponderous pomposity. Not so with Dr. Alderman. Himself at ease in society, he knows how to make those with whom he comes into contact feel at ease themselves. A skillful *raconteur* and fluent conversationalist, he can make himself agreeable in any gathering, and can hardly fail to make friends for the University wherever he goes.

But it is not simply in the arts and graces of polite society that he excels. He is also a man in touch with the masses; and this fact will probably lead to important results. In the plan of Thomas Jefferson, the University of Virginia was designed to be the capstone of the entire State educational edifice—the primary, grammar, and high schools, the colleges, and the University being all constituent parts of one united whole. Yet for many years important parts of this scheme were unrealized. Virginia could boast, it is true, of excellent colleges; and she possessed a number of private schools and academies that have seldom been equaled anywhere. But for a long time the University was almost the only *public* school in the State—the *system* of public schools being little more than a generation old. Moreover, the lower public schools and the University have not been sufficiently in touch—the standard of the University being so high that few of the so-called high schools can prepare students for successful work at the University. There is thus a gap in the educational structure; and the filling of that gap will be a task for which Dr. Alderman seems peculiarly fitted. A few facts in his career will show why.

Educated at Bethel Military Academy in Virginia, and at the University of North Carolina, he has successively occupied the positions of Superintendent of Schools at Goldsboro, North Carolina, President of the North Carolina Teachers' Assembly, State Institute Conductor for North Carolina, Professor of History at the State Normal College at Greensboro, Professor of the History and Philosophy of Education at the University of North Carolina, President of that University, and President of Tulane. This experience, this connection with all grades and kinds of public and private educational institutions, will enable him, with the aid of his personal magnetism, his very uncommon eloquence as a platform speaker, and his strong enthusiasm for the higher education, to become what President Henry Louis Smith has called a " live wire " between the University of Virginia and the people of the South.

The same qualities, too, combined with the facts that he is a member of the Southern Education Board and that he is widely known in the North, should result in increased pecuniary gifts to the University from all parts of the country. His modesty, his vivid realization of the magnitude of his task, and his tactfulness will doubtless result in harmonious and energetic co-operation between himself and the faculty.



A BUSY CLASS
From the painting by Jean Geoffroy

# The Influence of the French School and Home

## By Georgia Fraser

Illustrated with reproductions of paintings by Jean Geoffroy

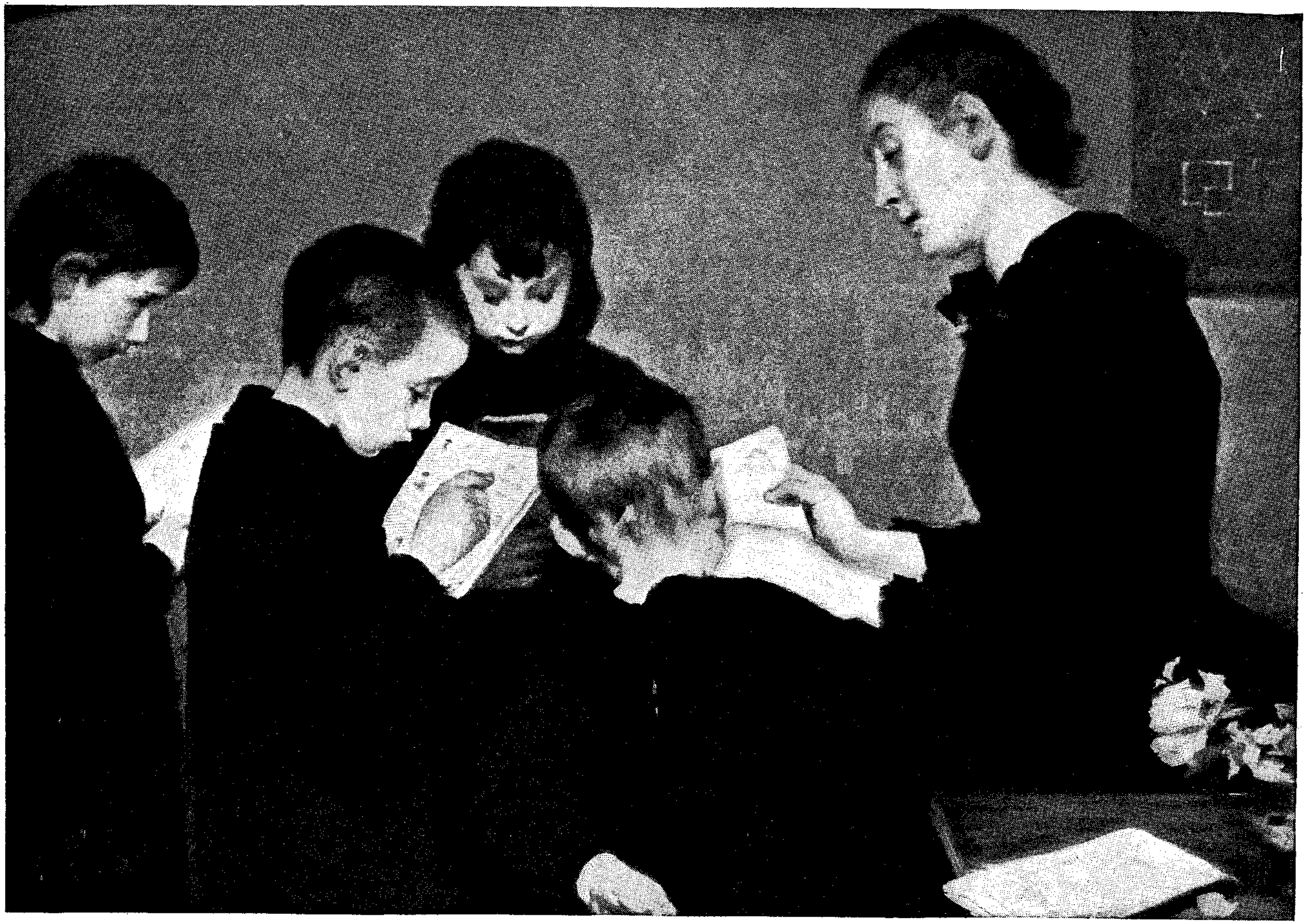
ONE still sees in France the little processions of school-children under the chaperonage of a white-capped sister or a frocked brother, *en route* to an afternoon's frolic on some green. But the sight is not as common as it once was, especially in Paris, where the public schools are gradually usurping the functions of the church as far as secular education is concerned. I was interested in the new order of things, desirous of seeing how the French Government was guiding the education of the common people, and in what it differed from that offered by the denominations. One is not free, however, to knock at the door of a public school in France and enter, as is the case with us in the United States. There are certain formalities. I first secured from Mr. Harris at Washington an introduction to the French school authorities. This I presented at the Hôtel de Ville, Paris. Stamped with official approval, I proceeded to a primary school on the left banks of the Seine. Ringing, I was admitted to the janitor's quarters, which are the first within the door. The room evidently serves as a reception-room and personal parlor, as janitors live on the premises in Paris. Beyond this room I could see the kitchen. After close scrutiny of my credentials, I was conducted to the office, where I awaited the arrival of the principal. After that everything was plain sailing. I was cordially received, and the freedom of the school was mine.

I will first say that the primary schools are the only entirely free schools of Paris. The *lycées*, which cover grades of years and work corresponding to our primary, grammar, and high schools, are only partly supported by the Government, so that there is a tuition fee. Very bright pupils, however, are often given free tuitions in the *lycées* upon graduation from the primary schools. I will also say that a permit from the American Ambassador to France is necessary to visit the *lycées*.

The primary schools, being entirely free, are situated usually in the poorer quarters of the city. They are large in size, and those that I visited were, externally, exceedingly dreary in appearance, abutting upon the street, the lower row of windows barred—which, however, is not uncommon with houses in Paris—and the walls, to within a height of ten or twelve feet, covered with posters—advertisements of taxes, political meetings, etc.

The *lycées*, on the contrary, which are usually situated in the best quarters of the city, are fresh and fine in appearance, extending spaciously about courts filled with turf and flowers. This is especially true of those in Auteuil and Passy.

The principal of the primary school was a woman, and all of her assistants were women, as is the case in the United States. They appeared to be very much the same kind of women who teach in our country. And the little children seemed wonderfully the same, too, when one became used to the black aprons which covered boy and girl alike. These aprons gave a very somber appearance to the rooms, but, once the impression was over, the bright eyes of the children asserted themselves and the black aprons were forgotten. Mr. Geoffroy's pictures give a truthful impression of a French primary school, except that those I visited were restricted to black aprons, and the seats were for two only, instead of the long bench for a number. The teachers were all exceedingly cordial, asking many questions about the ways of schools in America. They were interested in work and methods, and they produced results in drawing, writing, and



A READING LESSON
From the painting by Jean Geoffroy

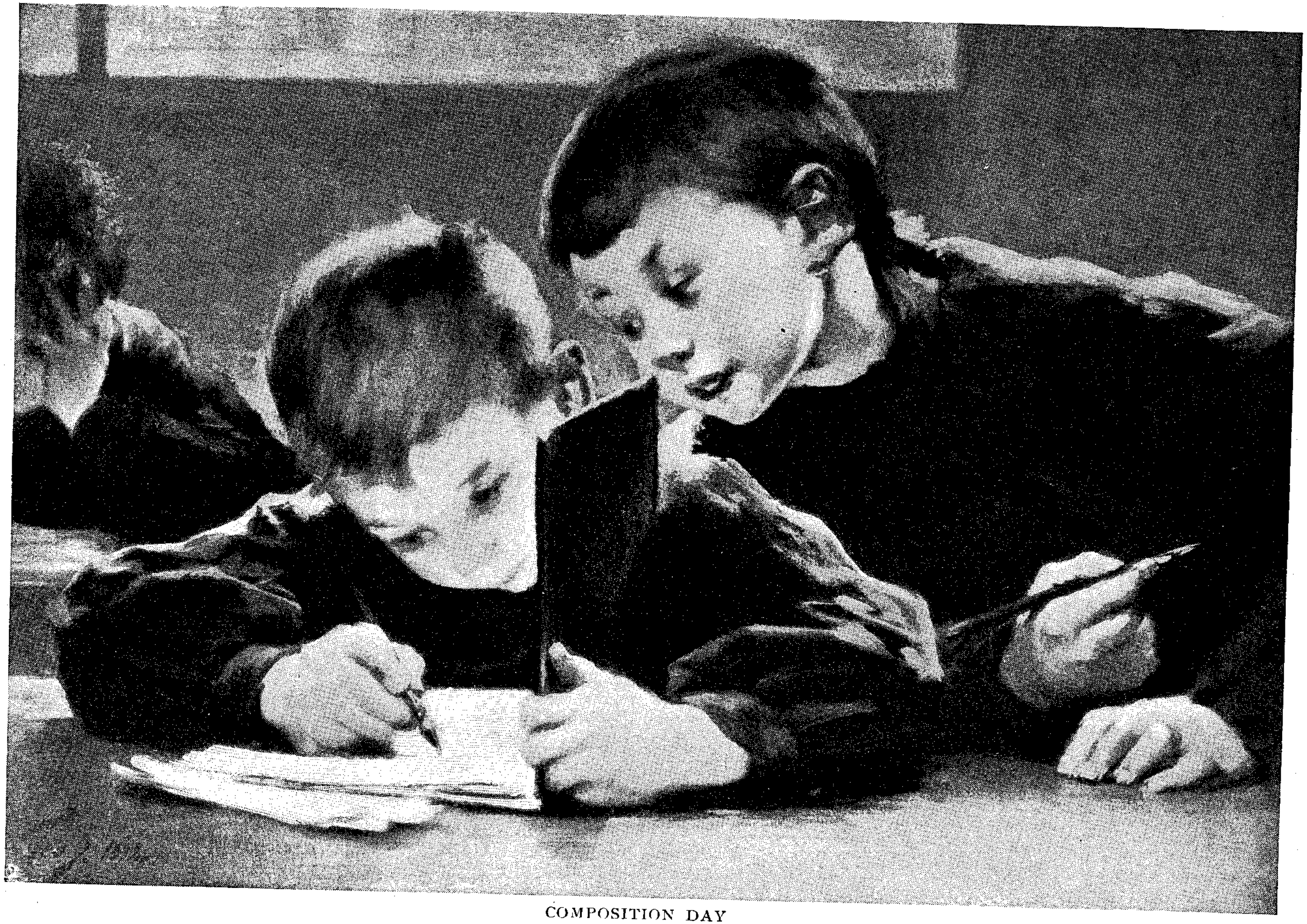
number for my inspection. To my surprise, the work also was remarkably similar to that of our own schools. For instance, the little children of six, seven, and eight were drawing flowers and scenes from nature, and using the same as illustrative material. There were also various sketches from life, as a child with its familiar outdoor wrap—a cape with hood, similar to that worn by the gendarme. In pleasant weather the hood is thrown back and the child's head is bare; but in cold or stormy weather the pointed hood covers the head. The gendarme, it is probably needless to say, wears his *chapeau*, which he covers with the hood in case of storm. There is more attention paid to the drawing of type-forms than is now the case with us—this being a necessary preliminary to the rigorous training in design later on. The Government aims to make education more practical than was or is the case in the religious schools. It has introduced manual training—woodwork for the boys and sewing for the girls. This last is along the lines of plain sewing, and anything pertaining to the embroidery or fancy-work of the sisters' school is left out entirely, or relegated to the finishing of the normal schools. No religious instruction is given whatever in the public schools, it being maintained that ample time is left for that outside of school hours and days.

It is astonishing that so much progress has been made in secular education in a city where traditions are so entirely artistic, even if not sacred; but the growing love for the Republic, even by those whose ancestors were far from being Republicans, is the explanation. A large number of the teachers in the public schools are Protestants, but such cannot be said of a large percentage of the pupils. The people, as a people, are still Roman Catholics. The little white communion dress and veil are as plentiful as ever on the streets in the spring.

The wealthy people still send their girls to convents and their boys to the brothers' schools. But the well-to-do are seeking the *lycées* and the numerous classes arranged for visiting students; and the poor are crowding the free city schools—the *école primaire*.

Pictures are not made use of in the schools to the same extent as with us. Indeed, "picture-study" seems to have been an American invention. The public galleries, too, are not used to nearly the same extent by children. Such things are considered the adult's property. Indeed, the object-lesson is less in evidence in the French school, and I think there is a reason for it. The French children take to the abstract better than American children. They are not so restless, and are therefore more naturally studious. The attention of American children needs to be kept. In France it is given. Therefore the necessity of the object-lesson from a purely disciplinary standpoint is less than with us. On the other hand, the French have never been accused of a lack of the perceptive faculties. They are remarkably quick and appreciative observers. This talent, if not fostered in school, is cultivated in recreation hours. French parents are much with their children. Those of the city are fond of jaunts to the country, and trips to the parks—which are everywhere in Paris—are daily afternoon occurrences. Even the poor have parks at their doors. The French parent's appreciation of everything that is beautiful, amusing, or unusual is readily transmitted. So, what is lacking in the prescribed education of the child is more than with us—it seems to me—made up by the parent. In France, too, the child is kept long under the eye of the parent—the girl until she marries, the boy until he enters the military school or the college. The same is true of the poor as of the rich. The poor of France have very few children compared with the poor of the United States. A child, therefore, of a *concierge* (janitor), or the child of any workingman, is usually as carefully looked after, given as much personal supervision, as the child of wealthier parents. Indeed, except among the depraved or the destitute, that so much is due a child in the French idea is probably the reason of the lower birth-rate in that country.

There is but one other nation that



COMPOSITION DAY
From the painting by Jean Geoffroy

equals the French in the attention given to children, and that is the Japanese. In both countries the children are noted for their obedience and their docility. I have heard it remarked that the French children lack life and spirits. Perhaps they lack boisterousness, but I have never observed a lack of spirits among the thousands of children I have watched day after day in the parks and playgrounds of the city. In the schools, while more quiet in demeanor than our children, the eyes are bright and observant, and the expression animated.

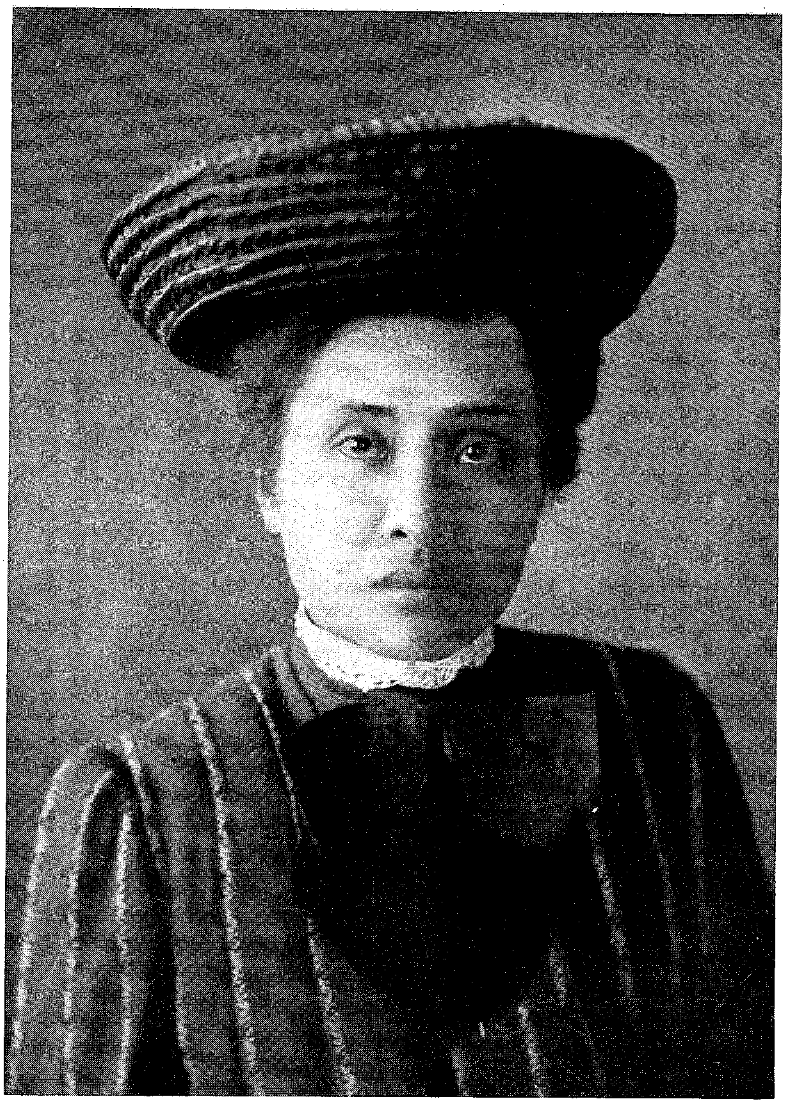
I observed in both the school and home that the children are taught to make much of little, and infinite pains are taken with details. This is possible only where much individual attention is given to the child. I saw no large classes in the schools, except among the older children, when they gathered from general class-rooms for special instruction, as in drawing. Even then the instruction was almost wholly individual, the teacher passing rapidly from pupil to pupil, and usually more than one teacher was employed.

Such a thing as idleness is unknown among the rank and file of the French people. They are either at work or at play. They are not a noisy people. Is it because they are too busy? They are very animated in conversation, but quiet in manner. The silence of a French tram or of a railway carriage must often have struck the visiting foreigner. A mother will go for miles with her two young daughters, and not a word be spoken. When they sit at a restaurant table, all this is changed. There are times and places for all things, according to the French code, and these ideas are rigorously inculcated. Religious instruction is left almost entirely to the churches, as is now secular education to the schools; but the teaching of manners—modes of conduct—is forever the duty of the parent.

When school is finished, work is in order for the girl as well as the boy of every family where actual wealth does not entail a life of pleasure. Now comes the time when training is over, and the life, for which all the preparations have been made, begins. We do not see children working in Paris as we do in the large cities of the United States. There are no cash girls or boys, no newsboys. Men and women sell papers in Paris, and so it is with everything. The "news-woman's" child—if she has one—is at school, or being cared for by a grandmother or some relative in the country, if the woman is too much occupied to give it adequate attention. Of course there is the Paris gamin—the street boy—but this child is the offspring of the destitute or debased; of whom we have, unfortunately, a number in every large city. But neither these nor their offspring are workers.

The children of the laboring classes in Paris finish school at about the sixteenth year. They are then ready to be milliners, shop-girls, grocers' clerks, and so on. Here comes into play the training in application, in industry, in attention to details; and thus become possible such results as the French achieve in all lines of work in which they are engaged. We are most familiar in this country with their manufactures, but echoes have come of their costuming, their arts, their gardening. No shop is so neat as the French shop; no household at once so trim and economical. The home training at every turn supplements the school training, and thus an all-round perfection is brought about.

In the United States the schools have a vitally different problem. Pupils are drawn from all nations of the earth. Children come to the schools speaking all tongues. Families of the poor are large, and home training is oftentimes impossible. The school often perfects—not *because* of the home, as in France, but despite it. Patriotism must be taught, a new language imparted. The elements of home training must be brought under the roof of the schoolhouse. Surely no teacher has more upon her hands and heart than the American teacher. I thought of this as I stood in the school rooms on the left bank of the Seine and watched the little French children at work. *Perfection* seemed to be the motto upon their walls. In our own schools it is enthusiasm, initiation. *Progress* is writ large in every endeavor, progress at all costs.



# A Filipino Teacher

THE advancement of education among the Filipinos under American influence is rapidly progressing. Not only are there now a large number of American teachers in the islands, doing daily excellent work, but the number of well-qualified Filipino teachers is constantly increasing. Among these Miss Pilar Zamora, whose portrait appears above, is of especial interest just now because she is in charge of the model school on the Philippine Reservation at the St. Louis Fair, and has been largely instrumental in the collection of exhibits for the educational display at the Exposition. She is a native Filipino, about twenty-five years old. She graduated from the Collegio de Santa Rosa, a Jesuit institution. After American occupation she took an English course, graduating in 1902, and assuming charge of the Santa Cruz school in Manila. Later she was transferred to the Manila Normal College. Miss Zamora believes thoroughly in having American methods and the American language instituted in the islands for the education of the natives.

# THE MOUNTAINS

BY

STEWART EDWARD WHITE

AUTHOR OF

THE FOREST

THE BLAZED TRAIL

THE SILENT PLACES Etc.

WITH PICTURES BY FERNAND LUNGREN

## XIII.—Trout, Buckskin, and Prospectors

As I have said, a river flows through the cañon. It is a very good river, with some riffles that can be waded down to the edges of black pools or white chutes of water; with appropriate big trees fallen slantwise into it to form deep holes; and with hurrying smooth stretches of some breadth. In all of these various places are rainbow trout.

There is no use fishing until late afternoon. The clear sun of the high altitudes searches out mercilessly the bottom of the stream, throwing its miniature boulders, mountains, and valleys as plainly into relief as the buttes of Arizona at noon. Then the trout quite refuse. Here and there, if you walk far enough and climb hard enough over all sorts of obstructions, you may discover a few spots shaded by big trees or rocks where you can pick up a half-dozen fish; but it is slow work. When, however, the shadow of the two huge mountains feels its way across the stream, then, as though a signal had been given, the trout begin to rise. For an hour and a half there is noble sport indeed.

The stream fairly swarmed with them, but of course some places were better than others. Near the upper reaches the water boiled like seltzer around the base of a tremendous tree. There the pool was at least ten feet deep and shot with bubbles throughout the whole of its depth, but it was full of fish. They rose eagerly to your gyrating fly—and took it away with them down to subaqueous chambers and passages among the roots of that tree. After which you broke your leader. Royal Coachman was the best lure, and therefore valuable exceedingly were Royal Coachmen. Whenever we lost one we lifted up our voices in lament, and went away from there, calling to mind that there were other pools, many other pools, free of obstruction and with fish in them. Yet, such is the perversity of fishermen, we were back losing more Royal Coachmen the very next day. In all, I managed to disengage just three rather small trout from that pool, and in return decorated their ancestral halls with festoons of leaders and the brilliance of many flies.

Now this was foolishness. All you had to do was to walk through a grove

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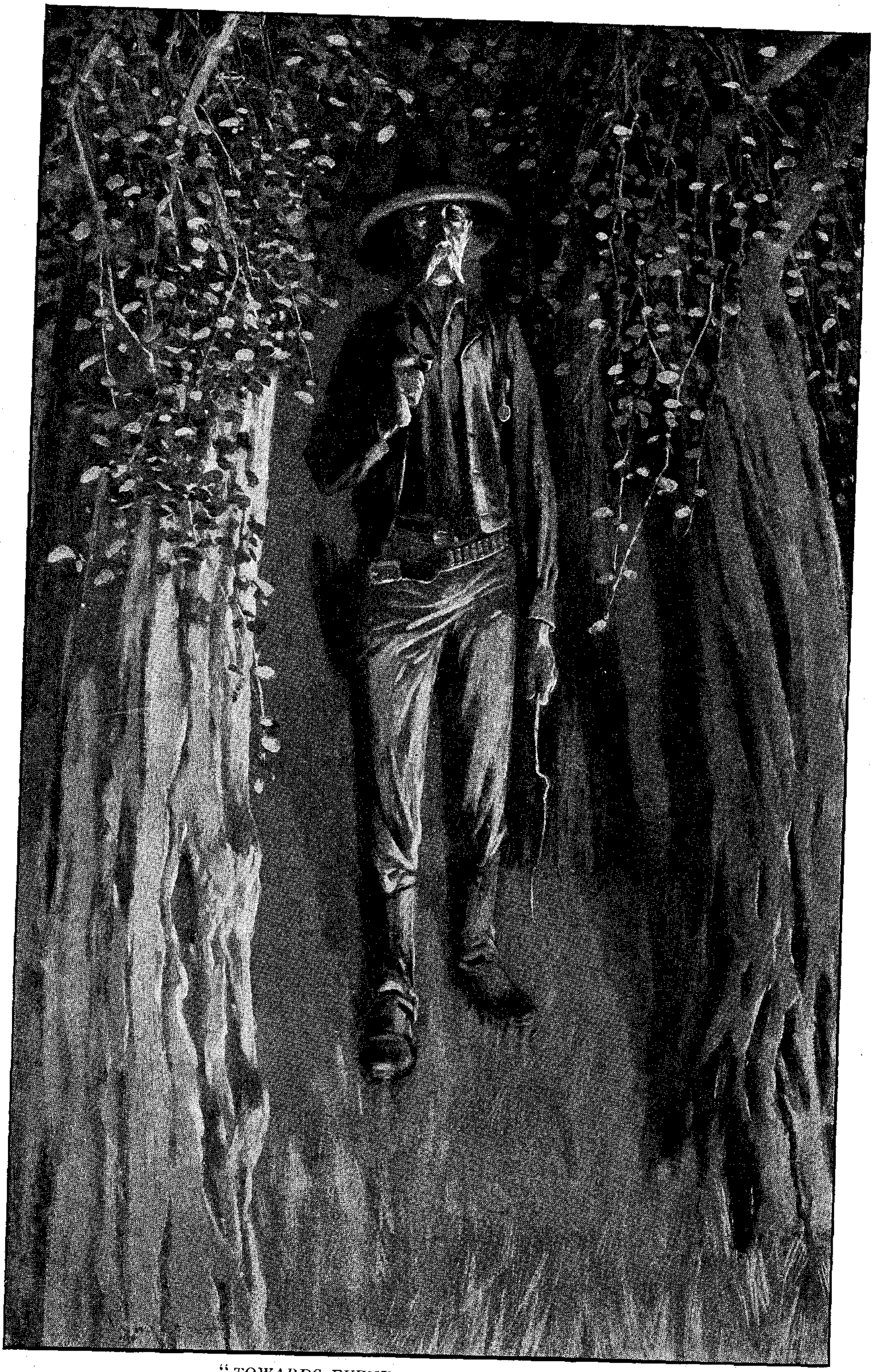


"TOWARDS EVENING HE SAUNTERED IN"

of cottonwoods, over a brook, through another grove of pines, down a sloping meadow to where one of the gigantic pine-trees had obligingly spanned the current. You crossed that, traversed another meadow, broke through a thicket, slid down a steep grassy bank, and there you were. A great many years before, a pine-tree had fallen across the current. Now its whitened skeleton lay there, opposing a barrier for about twenty-five feet out into the stream. Most of the water turned aside, of course, and boiled frantically around the end as though trying to catch up with the rest of the stream which had gone on without it, but some of it dived down under and came up on the other side. There, as though bewildered, it paused in an uneasy pool. Its constant action had excavated a very deep hole, the débris of which had formed a bar immediately below. You waded out on the bar and cast along the length of the pine skeleton over the pool.

If you were methodical, you first shortened your line, and began near the bank, gradually working out until you were casting forty-five feet to the very edge of the fast current. I know of nothing pleasanter for you to do. You see, the evening shadow was across the river, and a beautiful grass slope at your back. Over the way was a grove of trees whose birds were very busy because it was near their sunset, while towering over them were mountains, quite peaceful by way of contrast because *their* sunset was still far distant. The river was in a great hurry, and was talking to itself like a man who has been detained and is now at last making up time to his important engagement. And from the deep black shadow beneath the pine skeleton occasionally flashed white bodies that made concentric circles where they broke the surface of the water, and which fought you to a finish in the glory of battle. The casting was against the current, so your flies could rest but the briefest possible moment on the surface of the stream. That moment was enough. Day after day you could catch your required number from an apparently inexhaustible supply.

I might inform you further of the gorge downstream, where you lie flat on your stomach ten feet above the river, and with one hand cautiously extended over the edge cast accurately into the angle of the cliff. Then when you get your strike, you tow him downstream, clamber precariously to the water's level —still playing your fish—and there land him—if he has accommodatingly stayed hooked. A three-pound fish will make you a lot of tribulation at this game.

We lived on fish and venison, and had all we wanted. The bear-trails were plenty enough, and the signs were comparatively fresh, but at the time of our visit the animals themselves had gone over the mountains on some sort of a picnic. Grouse, too, were numerous in the popple thickets, and flushed much like our ruffed grouse of the East. They afforded first-rate wing-shooting for Sure-Pop, the little shot-gun.

But these things occupied, after all, only a small part of every day. We had loads of time left. Of course we explored the valley up and down. That occupied two days. After that we became lazy. One always does in a permanent camp. So did the horses. Active—or rather restless—interest in life seemed to die away. Neither we nor they had to rustle hard for food. They became fastidious in their choice, and at all times of day could be seen sauntering in Indian file from one part of the meadow to the other for the sole purpose, apparently, of cropping a half-dozen indifferent mouthfuls. The rest of the time they roosted under trees, one hind leg relaxed, their eyes half closed, their ears wabbling, the pictures of imbecile content. We were very much the same.

Of course we had our outbursts of virtue. While under their influence we undertook vast works. But after their influence had died out, we found ourselves with said vast works on our hands, and so came to cursing ourselves and our fool spasms of industry.

For instance, Wes and I decided to make buckskin from the hide of the latest deer. We did not need the buckskin—we already had two in the pack. Our ordinary procedure would have been to dry the hide for future treatment by a Mexican, at a dollar a hide, when we should have returned home. But, as I said, we were afflicted by sporadic activity, and wanted to do something.

We began with great ingenuity by constructing a graining-tool out of a table-knife. We bound it with rawhide, and incased it with wood, and wrapped it with cloth, and filed its edge square across, as is proper. After this we hunted out a very smooth, barkless log, laid the hide across it, straddled it, and began graining.

Graining is a delightful process. You grasp the tool by either end, hold the square edge at a certain angle, and push away from you mightily. A half-dozen pushes will remove a little patch of hair; twice as many more will scrape away half as much of the seal-brown grain, exposing the white of the hide. Then, if you want to, you can stop and establish in your mind a definite proportion between the amount thus exposed, the area remaining unexposed, and the muscular fatigue of these dozen and a half of mighty pushes. The proportion will be wrong. You have left out of account the fact that you are going to get almighty sick of the job; that your arms and upper back are going to ache shrewdly before you are done; and that as you go on it is going to be increasingly difficult to hold down the edges firmly enough to offer the required resistance to your knife. Besides—if you get careless—you'll scrape too hard; hence little holes in the completed buckskin. Also—if you get careless—you will probably leave the finest, tiniest shreds of grain, and each of them means a hard, transparent spot in the product. Furthermore, once having started in on the job, you are like the little boy who caught the trolley: you cannot let go. It must be finished immediately, all at one heat, before the hide stiffens.

Be it understood, your first enthusiasm has evaporated, and you are thinking of fifty pleasant things you might just as well be doing.

Next you revel in grease—lard oil, if you have it; if not, then lard, or the product of boiled brains. This you must rub into the skin. You rub it in until you suspect that your finger-nails have worn away, and you glisten to the elbows until you look like an Eskimo cutting blubber.

By the merciful arrangement of those who invented buckskin, this entitles you to a rest. You take it—for several days—until your conscience seizes you by the scruff of the neck.

Then you transport gingerly that slippery, clammy, soggy, snaky, cold bundle of greasy horror to the bank of the creek, and there for endless hours you wash it. The grease is more reluctant to enter the stream than you are in the early morning. Your hands turn purple. The others go by on their way to the trout-pools, but you are chained to the stake.

By and by you straighten your back with creaks, and walk home like a stiff old man, carrying your hide rid of all superfluous oil. Then, if you are just learning how, your instructor examines the result.

"That's all right," says he, cheerfully. "Now, when it dries, it will be buckskin."

That encourages you. It need not. For during the process of drying it must be your pastime constantly to pull and stretch at every square inch of that boundless skin in order to loosen all the fibers. Otherwise it would dry as stiff as whalebone. Now, there is nothing on earth that seems to dry slower than buckskin. You wear your fingers down to the first joints, and, wishing to preserve the remainder for future use, you carry the hide to your instructor.

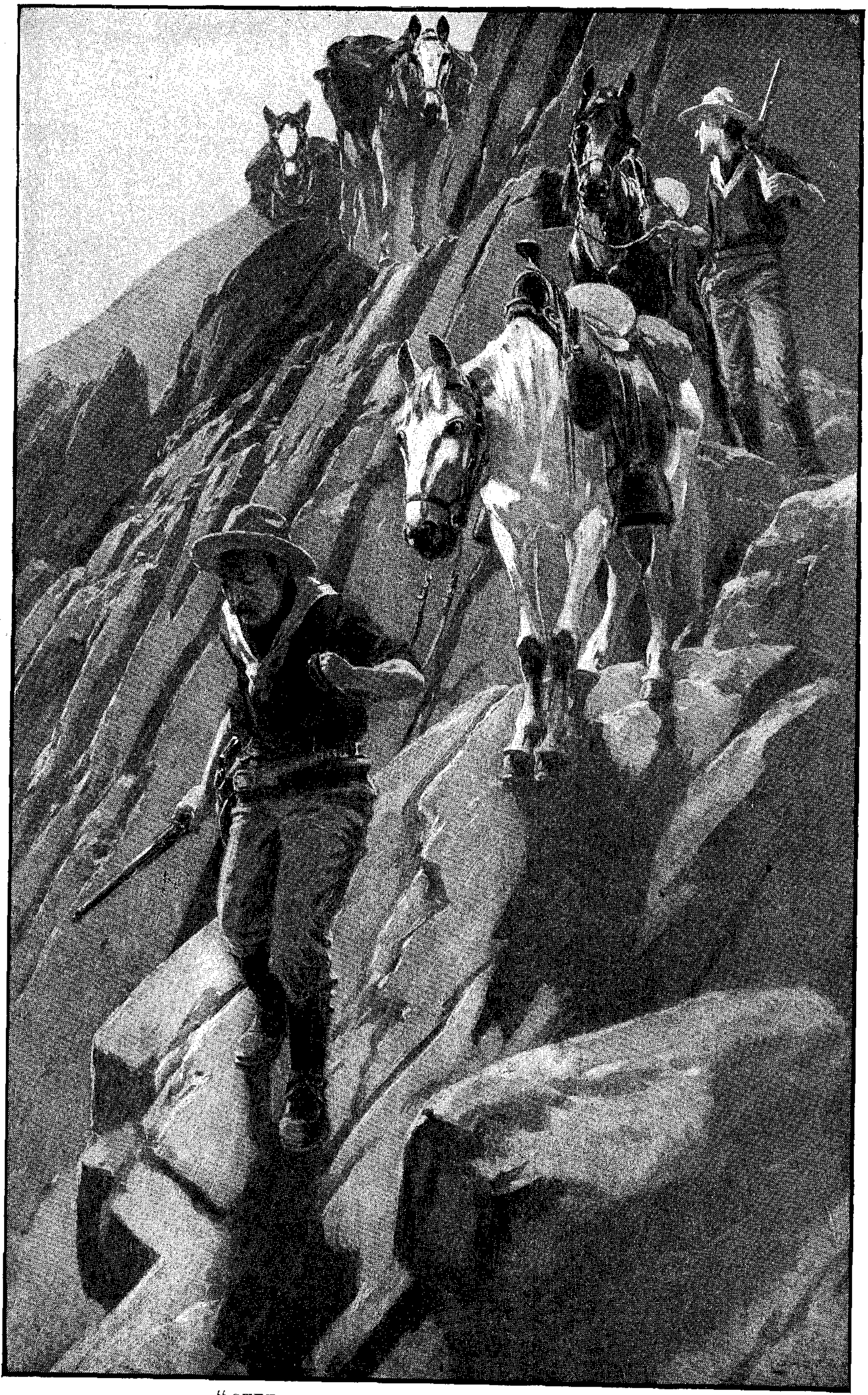
"Just beginning to dry nicely," says he.

You go back and do it some more, putting the entire strength of your body, soul, and religious convictions into the stretching of that buckskin. It looks as white as paper, and feels as soft and warm as the turf on a southern slope. Nevertheless your tyrant declares it will not do.

"It looks dry and it feels dry," says he, "but it isn't dry. Go to it!"

But at this point your outraged soul arches its back and bucks. You sneak off and roll up that piece of buckskin, and thrust it into the alforja. You *know* it is dry. Then with a deep sigh of relief you come out of prison into the clear, sane, lazy atmosphere of the camp.

"Do you mean to tell me that there



"STEEPER THAN STRAIGHT-UP-AND-DOWN"

is any one chump enough to do that for a dollar a hide?" you inquire.

"Sure," say they.

"Well, the Fool Killer is certainly behind on his dates," you conclude.

About a week later one of your companions drags out of the alforja something crumpled that resembles in general appearance and texture a rusted five-gallon coal-oil can that has been in a wreck. It is only imperceptibly less stiff and angular and cast-iron than rawhide.

"What is this?" the discoverer inquires.

Then quietly you go out and sit on a high place before recognition brings inevitable—and sickening—chaff. For you know it at a glance. It is your buckskin.

Along about the middle of that century an old prospector with four burros descended the Basin Trail and went into camp just below us. Towards evening he sauntered in.

I sincerely wish I could sketch this man for you just as he came down through the fire-lit trees. He was about six feet tall, very leanly built, with a weather-beaten face of mahogany on which were superimposed a sweeping mustache and beetling eyebrows. These had originally been brown, but the sun had bleached them almost white, in remarkable contrast to his complexion. Eyes keen as sunlight twinkled far down beneath the shadows of the brows and a floppy old sombrero hat. The usual flannel shirt, waistcoat, mountain-boots, and six-shooter completed the outfit. He might have been forty, but was probably nearer sixty, years of age.

"Howdy, boys," said he, and dropped to the fireside, where he promptly annexed a coal for his pipe.

We all greeted him, but gradually the talk fell to him and Wes. It was commonplace talk enough from one point of view; taken in essence it was merely like the inquiry and answer of the civilized man as to another's itinerary—"Did you visit Florence? Berlin? St. Petersburg?"—and then the comparing of impressions. Only here again that old familiar magic of unfamiliar names threw its glamour over the terse sentences.

"Over beyond the Piute Monument," the old prospector explained, "down through the Inyo Range, a leetle north of Death Valley—"

"Back in seventy-eight when I was up in Bay Horse Cañon over by Lost River—"

"Was you ever over in th' Panamit Mountains?—North of th' Telescope Range?"—

That was all there was to it, with long pauses for drawing at the pipes. Yet somehow in the aggregate that catalogue of names gradually established in the minds of us two who listened an impression of long years, of wide wilderness, of wandering far over the face of the earth. The old man had wintered here, summered a thousand miles away, made his strike at one end of the world, lost it somehow, and cheerfully tried for a repetition of his luck at the other. I do not believe the possibility of wealth, though always of course in the background, was ever near enough his hope to be considered a motive for action. Rather was it a dream, remote, something to be gained to-morrow, but never to-day, like the mediæval Christian's idea of heaven. His interest was in the search. For that one could see in him a real enthusiasm. He had his smattering of theory, his very real empirical knowledge, and his superstitions, like all prospectors. So long as he could keep in grub, own a little train of burros, and lead the life he loved, he was happy.

Perhaps one of the chief elements of this remarkable interest in the game rather than the prizes of it was his desire to vindicate his guesses, or his conclusions. He liked to predict to himself the outcome of his solitary operations, and then to prove that prediction through laborious days. His life was a gigantic game of solitaire. In fact, he mentioned a dozen of his claims many years apart which he had developed to a certain point—"so I could see what they was"—and then abandoned in favor of fresher discoveries. He cherished the illusion that these were properties to whose completion some day he would return. But we knew better; he had carried them to the point where the result was no longer in doubt, and then, like one who has no interest in playing on in an evidently prescribed order, had laid his cards on the table to begin a new game.

This man was skilled in his profession; he had pursued it for thirty-odd years; he was frugal and industrious; undoubtedly of his long series of discoveries a fair percentage were valuable and are producing-properties to-day. Yet he confessed his bank balance to be less than five hundred dollars. Why was this? Simply and solely because he did not care. At heart it was entirely immaterial to him whether he ever owned a dollar above his expenses. When he sold his claims he let them go easily, loth to bother himself with business details, eager to get away from the fuss and nuisance. The few hundred dollars he received he probably sunk in unproductive mining work, or was fleeced out of in the towns. Then joyfully he turned back to his beloved mountains and the life of his slow, deep delight and his pecking away before the open doors of fortune. By and by he would build himself a little cabin down in the lower pine mountains, where he would grow a white beard, putter with occult wilderness crafts, and smoke long contemplative hours in the sun before his door. For tourists he would braid rawhide reins and quirts, or make buckskin. The jays and woodpeckers and Douglas squirrels would become fond of him. So he would be gathered to his fathers, a gentle old man whose life had been spent harmlessly in the open. He had had his ideal to which blindly he reached; he had in his indirect way contributed the fruits of his labor to mankind; his recompenses he had chosen according to his desires. When you consider these things, you perforce have to revise your first notion of him as a useless sort of old ruffian. As you come to know him better, you must love him for the kindliness, the simple honesty, the modesty and charity that he seems to draw from his mountain environment. There are hundreds of him buried in the great cañons of the West.

Our prospector was a little uncertain as to his plans. Along toward autumn he intended to land at some reputed placers near Dinkey Creek. There might be something in that district. He thought he would take a look. In the meantime he was just poking up through the country—he and his jackasses. Good way to spend the summer. Perhaps he might run across something 'most anywhere; up near the top of that mountain opposite looked mineralized. Didn't know but what he'd take a look at her to-morrow.

He camped near us during three days. I never saw a more modest, self-effacing man. He seemed genuinely, childishly, almost helplessly interested in our fly-fishing, shooting, our bearskins, and our travels. You would have thought from his demeanor—which was sincere and not in the least ironical—that he had never seen or heard anything quite like that before, and was struck with wonder at it. Yet he had cast flies before we were born, and shot even earlier than he had cast a fly, and was a very Ishmael for travel. Rarely could you get an account of his own experiences, and then only in illustration of something else.

"If you-all likes bear-hunting," said he, "you ought to get up in eastern Oregon. I summered there once. The only trouble is, the brush is thick as hair. You 'most always have to bait them, or wait for them to come and drink. The brush is so small you ain't got much chance. I run onto a she-bear and cubs that way once. Didn't have nothin' but my six-shooter, and I met her within six foot."

He stopped with an air of finality.

"Well, what did you do?" we asked.

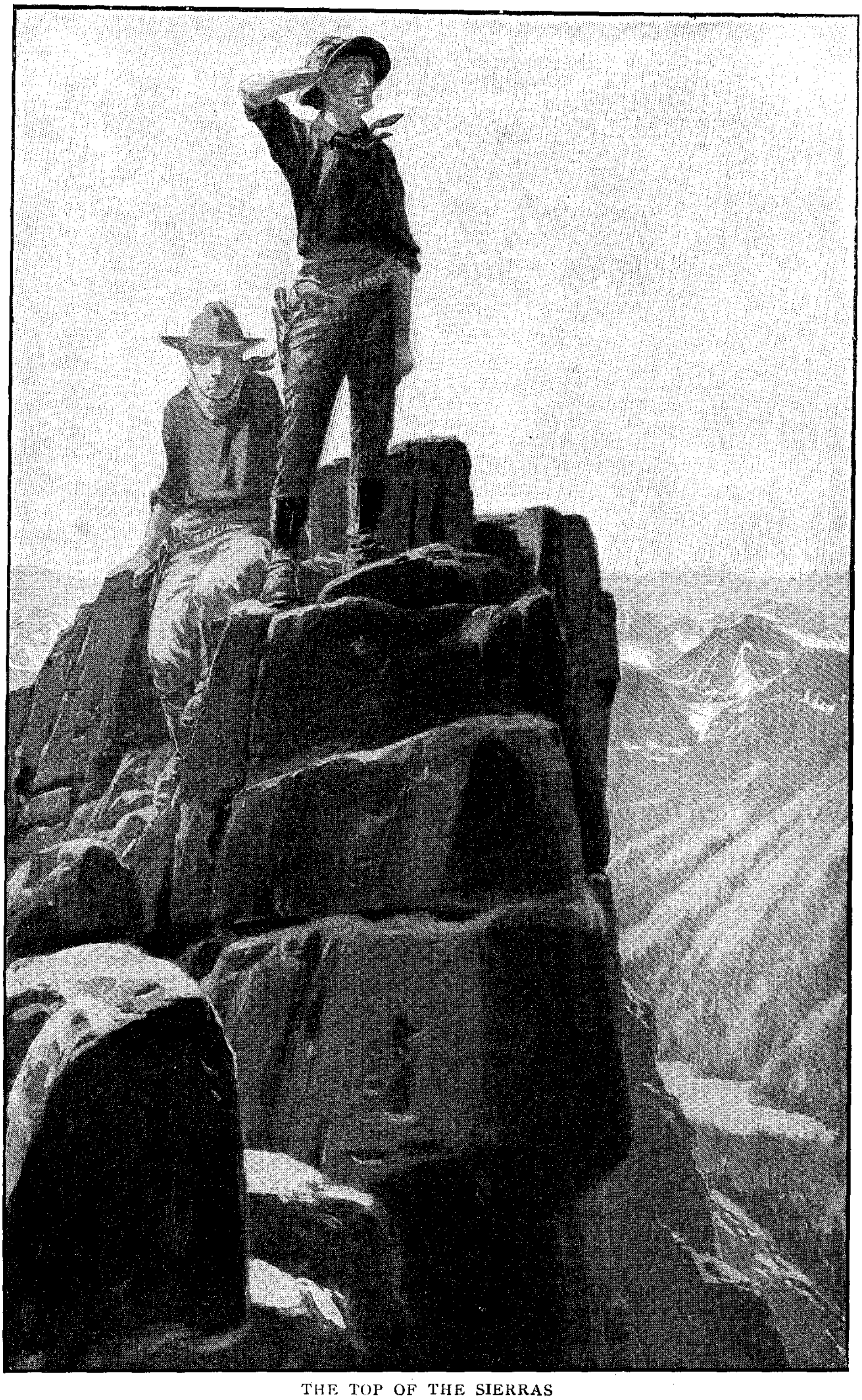
"Me?" he inquired, surprised. "Oh, I just leaked out of th' landscape."

He prospected the mountain opposite, loafed with us a little, and then decided that he must be going. About eight o'clock in the morning he passed us, hazing his burros, his tall, lean figure elastic in defiance of years.

"So long, boys," he called; "good luck!"

"So long," we responded, heartily. "Be good to yourself."

He plunged into the river without



THE TOP OF THE SIERRAS

hesitation, emerged dripping on the other side, and disappeared in the brush. From time to time during the rest of the morning we heard the intermittent tinkling of his bell-animal rising higher and higher above us on the trail.

In the person of this man we gained our first connection, so to speak, with the Golden Trout. He had caught some of them, and could tell us of their habits.

Few fishermen west of the Rockies have not heard of the Golden Trout, though equally few have much definite information concerning it. Such information usually runs about as follows:

It is a medium-size fish of the true trout family, resembling a rainbow except that it is of a rich golden color. The peculiarity that makes its capture a dream to be dreamed of is that it swims in but one little stream of all the round globe. If you would catch a Golden Trout, you must climb up under the very base of the end of the High Sierras. There is born a stream that flows down from an elevation of about ten thousand feet to about eight thousand before it takes a long plunge into a branch of the Kern River. Over the twenty miles of its course you can cast your fly for Golden Trout; but what is the nature of that stream, that fish, or the method of its capture, few can tell you with any pretense of accuracy.

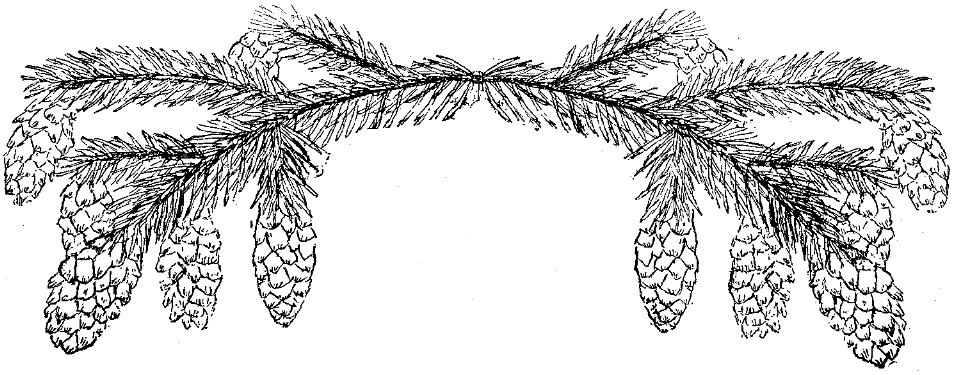
To be sure, there are legends. One, particularly striking, claims that the Golden Trout occurs in one other stream—situated in Central Asia!—and that the fish is therefore a remnant of some pre-glacial period, like Sequoia trees, a sort of granddaddy of all trout, as it were. This is but a sample of what you will hear discussed.

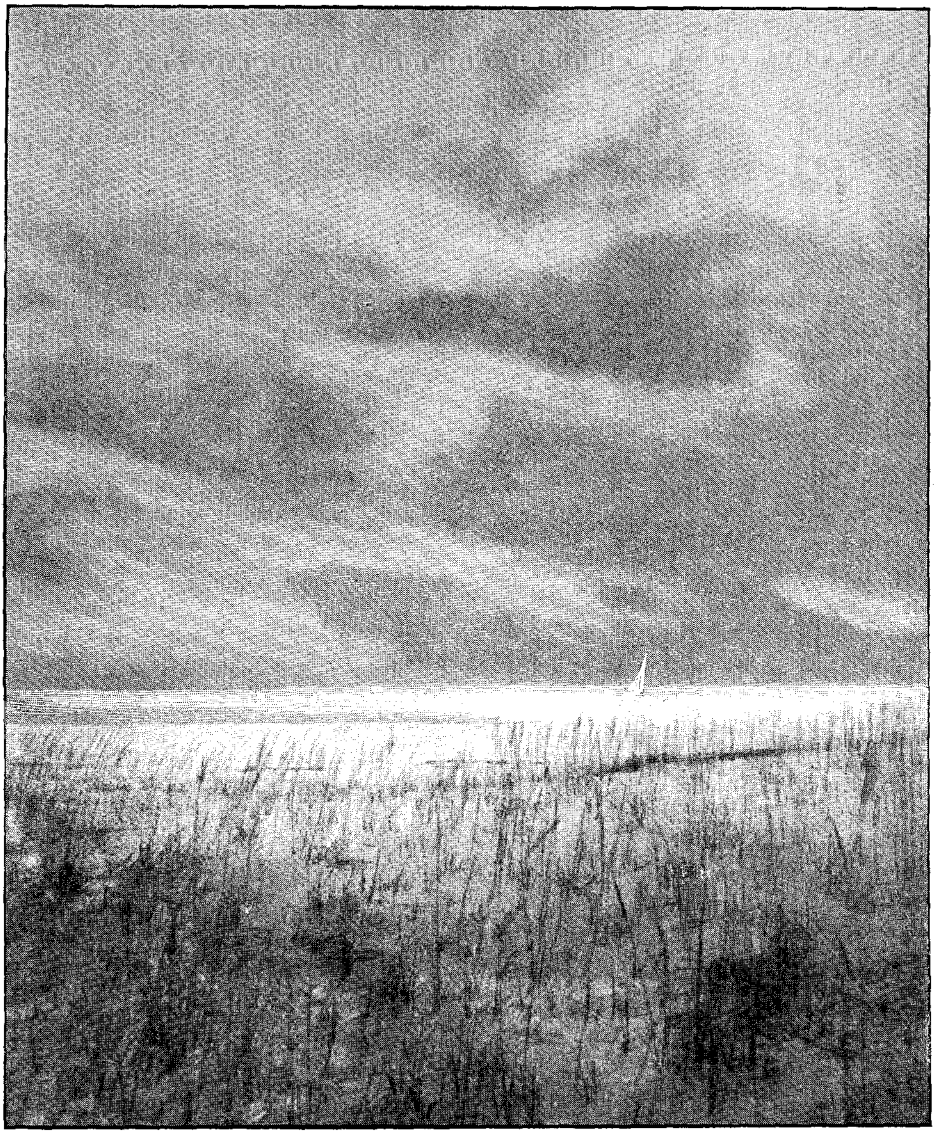
Of course from the very start we had had our eye on the Golden Trout, and intended sooner or later to work our way to his habitat. Our prospector had just come from there.

"It's about four weeks south, the way you and me travels," said he. "You don't want to try Harrison's Pass; it's chock full of tribulation. Go around by way of the Giant Forest. She's pretty good there, too, some sizable timber. Then over by Redwood Meadows, and Timber Gap, by Mineral King, and over through Farewell Gap. You turn east there, on a new trail. She's steeper than straight-up-an'-down, but shorter than the other. When you get down in the cañon of Kern River—say, she's a fine cañon, too—you want to go downstream about two mile to where there's a sort of natural overflowed lake full of stubs stickin' up. You'll get some awful big rainbows in there. Then your best way is to go right up Whitney Creek Trail to a big high meadows mighty nigh to timberline. That's where I camped. They's lots of them little yaller fish there. Oh, they bite well enough. You'll catch 'em. They's a little shy."

So in that guise—as the desire for new and distant things—did our angel with the flaming sword finally come to us.

We caught reluctant horses reluctantly. All the first day was to be a climb. We knew it; and I suspect that they knew it too. Then we packed and addressed ourselves to the task offered us by the Basin Trail.



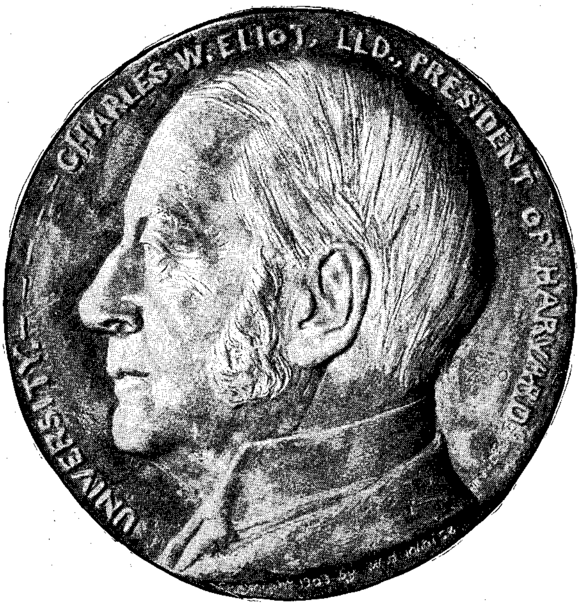


# August

By Sara Andrew Shafer

Photograph by L. M. McCormick

Over the blue sea broods the heat,
In faintest pulses the tired tides beat;
Over the sands, with the sun aglow,
Silent the cloud-shades come and go;
A white-winged sail on the water gleams
Faint and far, like a Ship-o'-Dreams.
The year's great Sabbath fills the air—
And languor and slumber are everywhere.
Then storm-winds rise: then breakers roar:
Then wrecks are tossed on the rocky shore!


UNIVERSITY — CHARLES W. ELIOT, LL.D., PRESIDENT OF HARVARD

PRESIDENT ELIOT
From a medallion by W. H. White, of Boston
Copyright, 1903, by W. H. White

# The Personality of President Eliot

## By Mark Sullivan

AT each Harvard Commencement, when President Eliot calls before him the men who are to receive honorary degrees, it is his custom to sum up in a dozen terse words the character and achievements which have entitled each recipient to this distinction. His happy facility in compressing a heroic achievement or a scholarly career into one compact, pregnant phrase entitles these characterizations to a distinct place in literature. The ringing strength, the severe simplicity, of his phrases go fittingly with his singularly beautiful, bell-like voice—a voice so striking that foreign visitors writing about America have repeatedly mentioned it. With the noble background of tradition—the Harvard Commencement is the oldest ceremony in America—these exercises have a solemn, impressive dignity. If, in this jubilee year of his life, one were called upon to condense into so brief a space some such characterization of President Eliot himself, one might haltingly attempt it by saying: " Charles William Eliot, fearless, serene, and wise, worthy descendant of the Founders of Massachusetts, lawful heir to their character and ideals, conscientious standard-bearer of their ancient cause—a Puritan of the twentieth century."

And this would be no mere ceremonial compliment. Take St. Gaudens's statue of the Pilgrim Father, remove the bell-crowned hat, the doublet, and the spreading cloak, and replace them with modern attire; take from the countenance that somber gloom which expressed the Puritans' attitude of suspicion toward pleasure, and replace it with the expression of a sane and healthy capacity for the joy of living; temper those rugged, austere features with sensibility to grace and beauty: in the result you will have a facial resemblance, startlingly vivid, to the present President of Harvard—a resemblance which will explain in a degree the incomparably impressive beauty and dignity of his countenance.

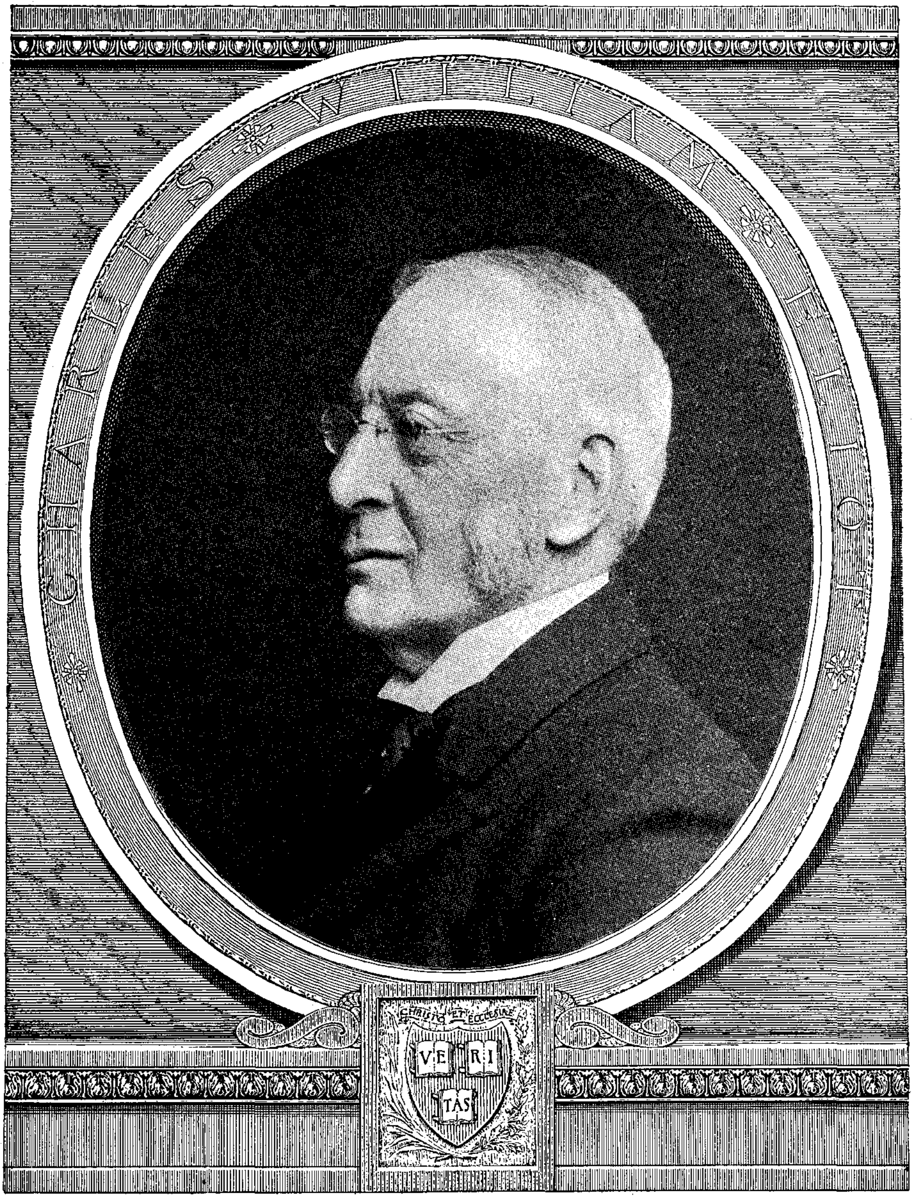
President Eliot's physical kinship with

the Puritans, coupled with his direct descent from them, must appeal to every imagination: ethically and intellectually, no one ever attributed to the Puritan a public or a private virtue which is not found again and again in the life of President Eliot. Each stands for the same spirit of individual liberty coupled with devotion to public service. Each is characterized by the same firm confidence in his own convictions as right, and by the same intense, although perfectly calm-tempered, desire to impress those convictions on the rest of the world. Both are the heirs of that militant moral courage which led Luther to proclaim his convictions in the very sanctuary of the opposition—President Eliot's most radical utterances on labor unions have been made in labor union halls, to labor union audiences. Nothing is more suggestive of the Puritan than President Eliot's scorn of the middle course, his taking up of the lance in fields far remote from his chosen path of education, his virile, uncompromising partisanship on questions of politics, of religion, of labor and capital, concerning which public prejudice is sensitive to the quick. Both President Eliot and the Puritan might well repeat, at pretty frequent intervals, the prayer of the Scotch clergyman: "Be pleased, O Lord, to guide us aright; for Thou knowest that, whether right or wrong, we be very determined."

And it is no small part of the analogy that President Eliot is at the head of that college which is the animating heart of the whole body of tradition that the Puritans bequeathed. Not only through its ideals, but actually, physically, Harvard College is as close as is possible in nature to its Puritan founders. The six men who form the governing body of Harvard are each of them the descendants of at least seven generations of natives of Massachusetts, an unbroken line of heredity, a New England dynasty, running straight to the beginnings of Puritan history.

But in just one respect this analogy between President Eliot and the Puritans is apt to cause misconception. We are all prone to think of the Puritan character as like the poet's description of the coast they came to—"stern and rockbound." And this omits to consider a side of President Eliot which the world sometimes seems to assume is inconsistent with his usual public aspect. The present writer had rather not be the one to call attention to President Eliot's likeness to the Puritan, if the effect be to suggest in Harvard's venerable head any lack of the gentlest and sweetest humanity. It is but one of many misunderstandings that a portion of the public should think of President Eliot as intellectually cold and hard. It is not the manner of New Englanders to speak much of these things; but those who are close to Harvard's President know well the qualities to which their traditional reserve allows them to bear testimony only by a sort of shamefaced intimation. "It was not," says one of his classmates, "till years after graduation that Eliot's classmates came to know his courage in adversity and affliction, his tenderness of heart, and the sympathy which he always gives to others when they are in trouble." In almost the same words President Hadley, of Yale, with rare tact, knowing how many would mention distinguished public service and intellectual primacy, added to his recent letter of congratulation his appreciation of these same softer and more gracious qualities. In the address which was signed by ten thousand alumni and presented to him on his seventieth birthday, it was stated that "your outward reserve has concealed a heart more tender than you have trusted yourself to reveal."

It is safe to assume that, as a reserved man, President Eliot prizes these acknowledgments more, perhaps, than an outspoken one. In one of his informal addresses he told of hearing a student say, whom he passed in the college yard one night, "I wonder what 'Charley's' doing out so late." It was easy to infer from the manner of his telling that he took a naïve pleasure in the humorously affectionate familiarity which the student assumed. On the occasion of his birthday celebration, when he was visibly touched by the clamorous, thrilling ovation of his undergraduates, he said that "in the first twenty years of my service



PRESIDENT ELIOT

From a hitherto unpublished portrait designed by John A. Lowell & Co., Boston, who will publish the original in November in the form of a steel engraving. Copyright, 1904

here I was generally conscious of speaking to men who, to say the least, did not agree with me." Think of twenty years breathing constantly an atmosphere charged with suspicion, looking into eyes hard with opposition! Surely one may now drop a little reserve in order to atone for an experience which few men would have the courage to endure.

" But," he went on to say, " for the last fifteen years the atmosphere has seemed to grow gradually different, and now, yesterday and to-day, I have been overwhelmed with expressions of confidence and affection. Yesterday, at a family gathering, a lady handed to me a note which she said a lady in Boston had asked her to deliver. I opened it and

PRESIDENT ELIOT'S HOME

there was not a word in it—not one—only a leaf, but that leaf was laurel." Quite apart from the speaker's manner, which plainly told how deeply touched he was, this was not the speech of a cold man.

In Cambridge scores of stories circulate which illustrate his almost impulsive generosity. It is well known that on one occasion a student, sick with contagious disease and shunned by those about him, was taken into the President's own house. A raw sub-freshman from a country village in Connecticut, on the evening of his first day in Cambridge, found himself in need of a Latin grammar to prepare for the next day's examination. Quite without friends at the University, he told his need to the first man he met, and was bidden to the stranger's house. There a long search unearthed a Latin grammar, but it proved to be of too old an edition to serve the present need. By this time the stranger's perplexity and anxiety to get the book exceeded the student's own, and, after some thought, he sent the young man off with a note to a friend in a neighboring street who might be likely to have the right edition. It was weeks before the student learned that the chance stranger who had given an hour of his time and an even more precious measure of his sympathy to a lonely and troubled student was the President of the University. In a university that numbers over four thousand, the opportunity for personal touch between student and President is small; but there are scores of stories of the enlistment of the President's personal interest in some student's behalf. There was a young man who desired to study botany, but had failed to satisfy some technical preliminary requirement. The committee which stood between the student and his wish have a vivid recollection of the warmth of manner and the emphatic gesture of the President as he declared, "If that young man wants to study botany, he shall study it."

President Eliot's writings abound with with the appreciation of domestic happiness, and exhortations to young men to cultivate it as one of the chief ends of life. For one who wishes to know President Eliot's gentler side, for one who will give a few hours' time for the priceless privilege of an intimate glimpse into the home life of the most cultivated class in America, there is a memorial volume prepared by President Eliot shortly after the death of his son, and inscribed "For the dear son, who died in his bright prime, from the father." It is such a book as a mother, rather than a father, might have prepared. It is conceived in the spirit which preserves playthings as souvenirs of a dead child. There are reproductions of the rude sketches and drawings made by the lad, lists of the books he read, accounts of the games he played when he and his mates called themselves the "Lances of Lancaster" and the "Knights of the Wood," and out-adventured Scott's heroes in the peaceful parks of Cambridge. The boy was of a sensitive, imaginative temperament, and ran the gamuts of suffering that such souls endure. President Eliot describes himself as "sanguine, confident, content with present action." Such temperaments as the father's are not always sure to understand the less hopeful ones, but the tender sympathy and protecting care which breathe through every page of the book are the final proof of the exquisite sweetness of the father's soul. The book describes the lad as having "days of mingled exaltation and dejection. A flood of thought and feeling, such as he had never experienced before, swept over him. His head was full of memories and dreams, of fearful hopes, dreads, and pains." And there is this passage, full of the most sympathetic insight into the less buoyant soul: "Charles suffered a good deal at times from that mental and moral struggle, that questioning of self and the world, which all thoughtful and reserved boys who have a good deal in them have to pass through. They become aware that they are thinking and responsible beings, and find themselves forced to consider questions of conscience, faith, and love, and the meaning of life and death. Sudden floods of emotion overwhelm them, and seasons of uncontrollable doubt, misgiving, and sadness distress them. The struggle is apt to be a lonely one. Nobody will or can answer their deeper questions. 'I have trodden the wine-press alone.'"

To the brightening of these fits of gloom, to inspiring hope and faith and courage in the diffident boy, the father devoted himself. The father's love that compiled this book is a trait apt to be lost sight of in the contemplation of the rigid administrator and the fearless, opposition-challenging propagandist, who utters a novel and disagreeable truth with the same nonchalant assurance as a proposition in geometry.

Charles William Eliot entered Harvard in 1849, at the age of fifteen. In these present days, when young men are Freshmen at nineteen and twenty, one may fall into the error of inferring precocity from this early entrance. But those were the days of extremely youthful Bachelors of Arts. Edward Everett Hale graduated at seventeen, Lowell at nineteen. Eliot was of the usual age. Far indeed from any early exhibition of his talents, the record is that he passed his college years in the quiet paths of faithful and steadfast devotion to daily tasks, utterly unnoticed by his fellows. The class of '53 numbered ninety men. Most of them are now dead, and in the great majority of their obituaries the first fact mentioned is that they were classmates of Harvard's great President. And yet the truth is that they had little or no knowledge of him during those four years when they were acquiring the wholly accidental right to shine in the reflected glory of his later fame. Eliot is said to have had but three intimates, while the majority of his classmates were practically unacquainted with him. "He was shy and retiring," says his classmate Hill. "From the beginning of our Freshman year I sat near him for an hour or two every day in one of those small sections into which every class was divided, but it was months before I made his acquaintance, and I never, in undergraduate days, knew him well. Few of his classmates did."

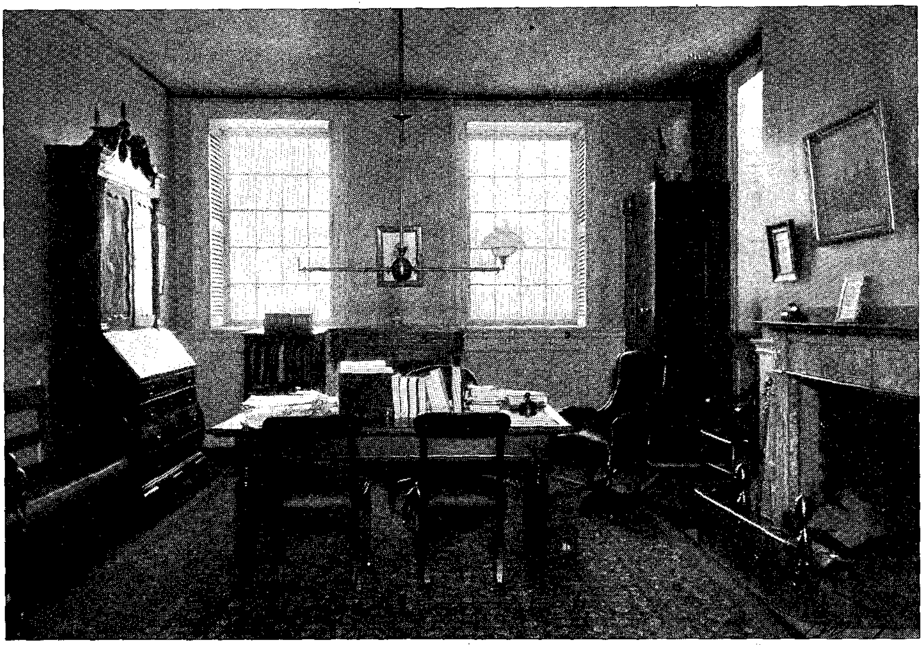
Eliot's aloofness was an inherited reserve, an integral part of his New England birthright, characteristic of every born New Englander, and especially of that well-born, well-bred class which Holmes has called "the Brahmin caste" of New England. If this sensitive reserve has, then as now, cost him the intimate and sympathetic understanding of his fellows, it repaid him with the compensation of ample time for quiet thought and uninterrupted devotion to study. "His ambition," says the same classmate, "was for scholarship in college and in after life." During this Freshman year he stood third, in the Sophomore second; in the Junior year he rose to first, but fell back to second when his work was interrupted by trouble with his eyes. And he stood just as high in the distasteful tasks of the prescribed studies as in the congenial courses that he elected.

With this record of scholarship and with his studious temperament, an appointment as a teacher in the college appealed to his taste, and was easy to secure. For ten years he taught mathematics and chemistry. His achievements took the simple form of thorough and effective teaching. He instituted but one reform—written examinations as a substitute for a peculiarly lax and unequal system of oral tests. In 1863 he resigned to spend two years in study abroad. On his return he became a teacher at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and there remained until called to the presidency of Harvard.

One inquires why, among the scores of men eligible to the Harvard presidency, the mantle fell on this one. His especial qualifications were three—marked efficiency as a teacher during fourteen years of experience; noteworthy ability as an administrator—a kind of ability which his predecessors had lacked, and which was recognized as of increasing importance in the rapidly growing university; finally, Mr. Eliot had published in the "Atlantic Monthly" for 1869 two papers entitled "The New Education—Its Organization." These had attracted universal, thoughtful attention because they approached the problem of how to educate American citizens, with a completeness in the grasp of fundamental principles and with a length of vision that have not been equaled before or since in any discussion of the problem of education in America.

Just here is the apt place for adequate tribute to the men who placed a young and untried man in the president's chair, who had the insight to realize his possibilities and the faith and courage to put them to the test in spite of opposition. In the light we now have, it is not too much to honor President Eliot's sponsors as prophets. He did not come to his office as a next step in a steady line of promotion, nor by any universal acquiescence in his selection as the right man for the right place. His choice was a shocking defiance of tradition and routine. The burden of this defiance was borne by two men, who performed, with no small pains, the task of bringing the man and the opportunity together, and thus made his usefulness possible. We see President Eliot's career as history; they saw it as prophecy. Their names were Lowell and Crowninshield. As members of the Corporation of Harvard College they had observed young Eliot's work as a teacher. But the story goes that their especial realization of his executive ability came about through contact with him while he was attending to some difficult business matters in connection with his father's estate. These two men were directors of a cotton-mill at Lowell. In 1865 the superintendency of the mill became vacant. They showed their faith in young Eliot's executive capacity by offering it to him. The office yielded a salary of $5,000 a year and the use of a house—fully twice the income then yielded by any educational position in America. Nevertheless, Eliot stuck to his chosen line, and by doing so doubtless emphasized in the minds of his sponsors his fitness for the more exalted office in which they later placed him. It was some four years later that the presidency of Harvard fell vacant. To suggest Eliot for the place required, in Mr. Lowell and Mr. Crowninshield, with their high sense of responsibility to the institution in their charge, a very exalted faith in their choice, and a moral courage not readily realized to-day. Harvard and New England were communities where tradition was not lightly to be defied; and it was the almost universal tradition, not only for Harvard, but for every American college, that the President must be not only a man of mature years, but also, generally, a clergyman. The suggestion of Eliot's name was the signal for stern opposition. He was opposed because of his youth. Among the six members of the Corporation whose business it was to choose a president, only one was under sixty; Eliot was thirty-five. The elderly faculty looked with resentment on the suggestion of setting over them one whom they regarded as a mere youth. He was opposed because he was not a clergyman; his chief competitor was of the cloth. This phase of the opposition was intensified by the fact that in his "New Education" he had attacked with merciless severity, among other shams and mischievous traditions of American education, the notion that a college president should be a superannuated clergyman. Why, he asked, should a man whose experience consists of having written a sermon a week for some years be considered any more capable of sudden translation to the highest position in the teaching profession than to the highest position in the legal profession? He is as well prepared for one as for the other; and Dr. Eliot opposed the choice of him for the one with as much indignant warmth as lawyers would oppose the choice of him for a judge. Moreover, this aggressive young chemist's predilection for science was well understood, and the friends of the traditional education feared.

For all these and for many minor reasons, the advocacy of Dr. Eliot for the presidency was resented and opposed. The representatives of the alumni, who had a veto power, once did formally refuse to ratify him, but some months later were persuaded to yield. In connection with the fight over his choice there are two incidents which reflect a mental trait in Dr. Eliot which appears again and again in his career. It is a kind of intellectual detachment from personal feeling and prejudice, which, because it is so rare, men have found it difficult to comprehend; and it has been the cause of much misunderstanding even among those close to him. While the struggle was on, he publicly complimented one of the alumni on his ability as a leader of the opposition. One needs to know Dr. Eliot well to understand that this compliment was perfectly candid and frank, with no trace of irony. During the same period he wrote in a letter to a friend, "As far as I have heard the objections to me, I quite agree with them. As Theodore told Edward Hale, 'I quite agree with your general views, only you don't know Eliot.'" This singular intellectual detachment from passion appears in two stories which illustrate the spirit in which the faculties met the new President, and the spirit in which the new President met them. Dr. Eliot had a grave conviction that the business of a president is to preside; true, his easy-going, elderly predecessors, of the superannuated clergyman type, had largely abdicated this function; and the law and medical faculties were accustomed to going their own way. But at the first


PRESIDENT ELIOT'S STUDY

meeting of the law school faculty following his election the new President appeared in the chair. "Well, I declare," said one of the professors (ex Governor Washburn), "the President of Harvard College in the Law School! This is a new sight."

That particular incident is rather colorless; it merely illustrates how the new President took a vigorous grasp of all the executive business that belonged to him. The other anecdote is both more spicy and more characteristic. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes told it in a letter to his friend Motley, the historian. The letter first described how curious it was to see "a young man like Eliot, with an organizing brain, a firm will, a grave, calm, dignified presence, taking the ribbons of our classical coach-and-six, feeling the horses' mouths, putting a check on this one's capers and touching that one with a lash, turning up everywhere in every faculty (I belong to three), on every public occasion, and taking it all as naturally as if he had been born president." Then he tells the story:

"'How is it, I should like to ask,' said one of our number the other evening, 'that this Faculty has gone on for eighty years managing its own affairs, and doing it well—how is it that we have been going on so well in the same orderly path for eighty years, and now, within three or four months, it is proposed to change all our modes of carrying on the school; it seems very extraordinary, and I should like to know how it happens?'

"'I can answer Dr. ——'s question very easily,' said the bland, grave young man; 'there is a new President.'"

It will be difficult to persuade those who read the story and do not know the man that there was not a touch of rather offensive youthful smartness in this reply of the young President to the petulant old professor. And yet the fact is, this answer merely expressed a sort of intellectual detachment characteristic of the man. The reason for the change which the old professor so volubly protested against, the exact answer to his question, was that there was a new President; and Dr. Eliot said so in the fewest and simplest words. There was no snapping acerbity meant. It was a simple fact simply stated, and no feeling went with it. The same spirit of intellectual detachment, of severely excluding all feeling from the conduct of the executive business of the University, is illustrated in the story of a teacher who was called by Dr. Eliot from another university to teach at Harvard, and who approached the President with expressions of gratitude whose warmth was more conspicuous than their good taste. Said the President, with characteristic simplicity, "I did what was best for the University." Here, again, a terse statement of fact in the fewest words seems to convey feeling. But none who know will believe that the President meant a rebuke, that he thought either more or less highly of the grateful teacher after the event. Of a similar tenor was his remark to a Harvard professor who had been, in the faculty meetings, a conspicuous opponent of his policies, and who had an invitation to go to another university. "I suppose," said the President, "you understand fully that your opposition to my policies will not in the slightest degree affect your promotion here." The men with whom he had to deal were long in learning this complete intellectual detachment from prejudice, this thoroughgoing respect for men who stuck to their own opinions in opposition to his. "For the first twenty-five years," writes Dr. Hyde, "President Eliot was misunderstood, misrepresented, maligned, hated, with and without cause." But when the lesson of his fairness was learned, and when, with that lesson, came the conviction that here was a man of extraordinary far vision, President Eliot was rewarded with a loyalty among those about him such as is received only by men of the most exalted character. One of the best-known members of the Harvard faculty once gave the writer a glimpse of the sort of enthusiastic faith which is held by those who know President Eliot best. The professor who tells the story, with another member of the faculty, was walking home one night from a faculty meeting in which some incident had illuminated for them the soundness of the President's judgment and the length of his vision; and they both agreed that if Dr. Eliot should ask them to resign they would go to him gratefully and thank him for having pointed out a way in which they could serve the University. It was, for these two mature men, like the exalted faith which imaginative small boys sometimes have in the omniscience of a teacher.

The new President began his reign with a twofold conception of his functions. He was, first, the executive head of a large and complicated establishment, with a plant valued at some millions of dollars, and a considerable force of employees. On this side he has looked upon the University as a superintendent might look upon his factory. Indeed, he seems to have this analogy consciously in mind. In one of his annual reports he figures out the economic loss involved in letting a plant valued at several million dollars lie idle during the long vacation of three months. On this side his efficiency is incomparable. He is constantly appearing, often in the very early morning, on trips of inspection of the University buildings. A broken lock on a door is not too small a detail to escape him, and an attendant in the library has been personally reminded that an electric light in the stacks should not be permitted to continue to burn when nobody was using it. To be able to do things with his own hands is a hobby with him. The tenants of a house of which President Eliot had charge complained that the furnace was out of order. The next day, within a few hours after he had dined with a foreign ambassador, Dr. Eliot appeared, descended into the basement, and shortly returned with the announcement that the furnaçe would now be found to work properly. In his executive capacity he is as hard a worker as his splendid physique, his natural taste for detail, his equable temperament, and his great endurance will permit. He has remarked, although in a spirit of satisfaction rather than complaint, that his work averages twelve hours a day; and that but for the summers at Mt. Desert he would "hardly have more time for reflection and real living than an operative in a cotton-mill." But he has always nourished his physique with exercise. His erect, dignified body astride a big-boned horse is a common sight to students hurrying to breakfast. While he was a student and an instructor, he rowed regularly, once appearing in a public contest. For twenty years he spent his summers with his family partly in tents on an island off the Maine coast, and partly aboard a forty-foot sailing yacht along the New England coast.

With the other side of President Eliot's functions, with his service to the University and to the community, as a reformer, the world is familiar. He has not been a teacher in the formal sense—he has practically never appeared in a class-room since he took office. But, before he became President, he had wrought out certain original, independent theories of education. Clearing the ground of all tradition and custom, approaching the question as if there was no system of education already in existence, he considered the problem, What sort of education does America need and how shall it be got? "The American university," he said, "will not be a copy of foreign institutions, but the slow and natural outgrowth of American social and political habit." In this unbiased spirit he approached the subject of education in America, and his conclusions made the fashion-followers in education rise up in protest. He ripped from Latin all its trappings of tradition and held the shrinking skeleton up in the pitiless light to ask exactly what purpose it serves in education. As Dr. Hyde expresses it, he went "up and down the whole length of our educational line, condemning every defect, exposing every sham, rebuking every form of incompetence and inefficiency as treason to the truth, an injury to the commonwealth, a crime against the individual."

But he was not an iconoclast merely. The "New Education" was conspicuous not so much for what it destroyed as for the robust vigor of what it constructed. The "New Education" was published in 1869, and the inaugural address of the same year outlines an entire system of education, from kindergarten to professional school, adapted to the needs of America. In these two productions will be found the germ of all the reforms which President Eliot has brought about in Harvard and America during the past thirty-five years—with how much patience there is not space here to tell.

It is a pleasant fancy to think how future generations of Harvard will look back to the administration of Eliot. By what flower of speech, by what equivalent of the trite "Golden Age," will they designate it? In length alone it is unprecedented. His thirty-six years are equal to ten years more than the combined terms of the five presidents who immediately preceded him. Only one other college president, the famous Mark Hopkins, of Williams, ever served so long. Dr. Eliot's term has spanned the growth of Harvard from 1,059 students to 4,328, from 58 instructors to 550, from two millions of dollars in resources to sixteen. But, as President Eliot has said himself, "numbers do not contitute a university, and no money can make it before its time." Measured in a different way, it is enough to quote the tribute of another New England college president: "No one can begin to measure the gain to civilization and human happiness his services have wrought."

# The Greek Theater of the University of California

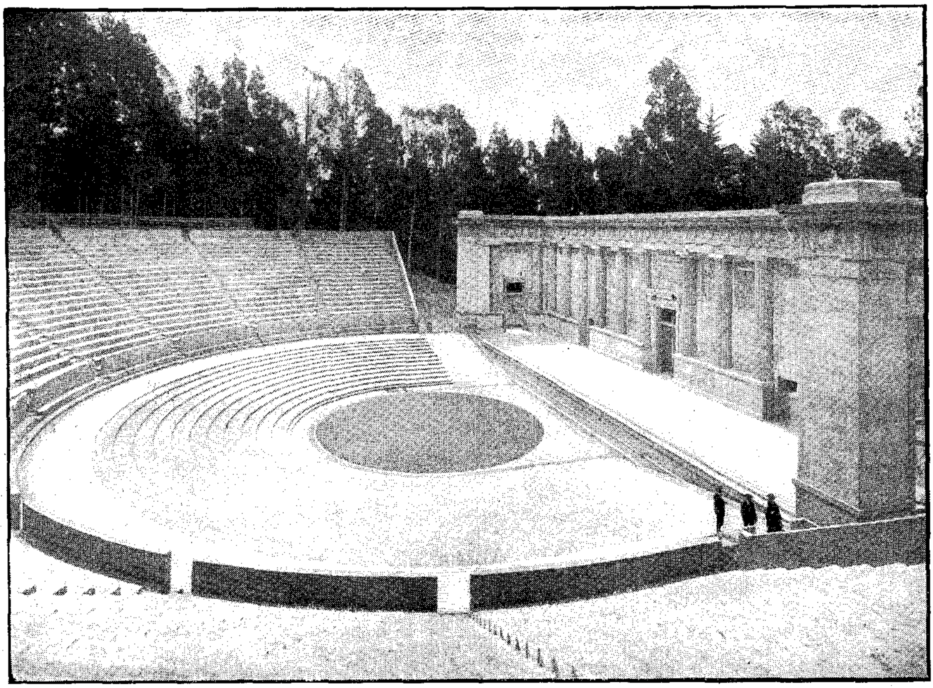
### By V. H. Henderson

IN the beginning the Greeks danced and sang for the harvest festival on a threshing-floor in a hollow among the hills, the spectators sitting on the slope above. So in time arose the drama of old Greece, played in the open air, but with rising tiers of marble for the audience instead of grassy slopes.

So at the University of California the graduating class year after year gave its Class Day extravaganza in a natural amphitheater among the hills, the thousands of spectators sitting on the rising slopes under the shadow of great eucalyptus and cypress trees. Then came the thought, made act by Mr. William R. Hearst's generosity, of building a theater such as that at Epidaurus, open to a sky blue like that of Greece, leaning against lofty hills, and hospitable for play or music or festival day throughout a constant year that knows no winter.

The Greek Theater at Berkeley has become a place of pilgrimage. Not less than ten thousand people go up across the campus and through the eucalyptus grove during every week to delight their eyes with its classic dignity and restful charm. And to see it once is to come again and again, to enjoy it with ever fresh delight, as one would a painting or a statue or a song. Every Sunday afternoon at five the students make music there for half an hour—the glee club, the orchestra, the band, the choral society, or some other undergraduate musical organization—and four or five thousand people listen to this music—music as free to all who choose to come as the singing of birds or the sound of the wind in the trees with which it is intermingled. There, sometimes, the students give plays—"The Birds" of Aristophanes in Greek, Racine's "Phèdre" in French, the Class Day play of their own making; there Ben Greet's players presented "Twelfth Night," there concerts are given, there President Roosevelt delivered the Commencement address, there the students build bonfires and set off fireworks and hold rallies by night and by day in celebration of athletic victories. Eight thousand people can sit there together, and each one feel that he has chanced upon the best seat of all, for the Greek type of theater is ideal for seeing and for hearing, and it brings an audience into unity and into enjoyment of its own self as an audience and as a spectacle as can no other form of assemblage-place.

Free design marked the work of John Galen Howard, the Supervising Architect of the University of California, in the imagining of the theater and in its wedding to the surrounding hills and groves; but there is archæological warrant for its every detail, from the differ-



THE GREEK THEATER

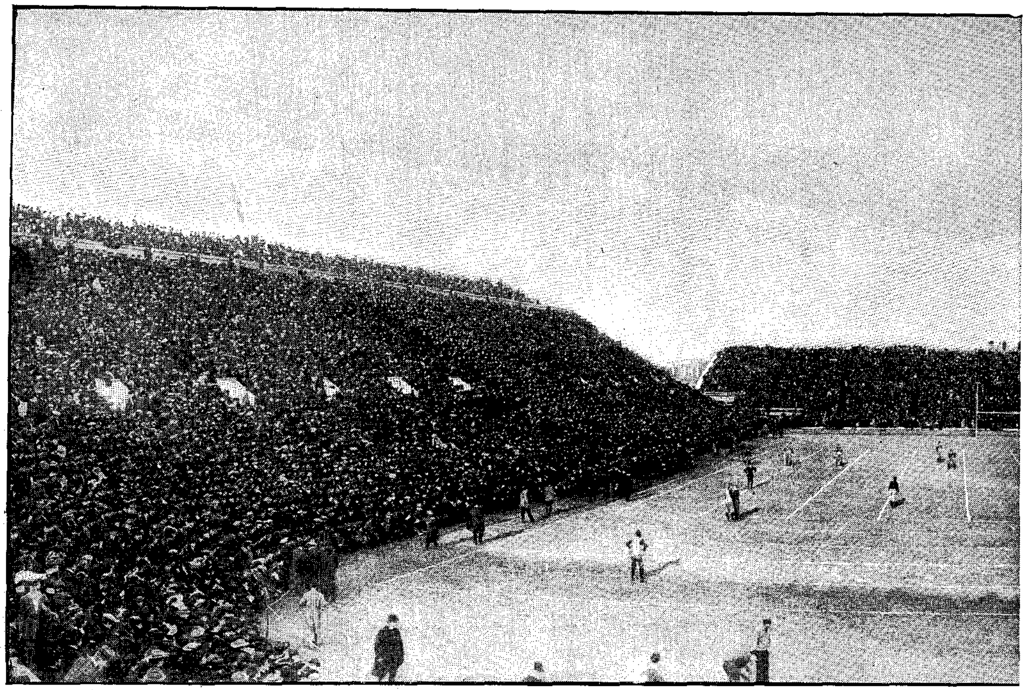
ent pitch of the inner and outer circles of tiers, suggested by the theater at Epidaurus, to the rain-gutters about the orchestra, which drain like those at Corinth.

The theater itself consists of two series of semicircular tiers, rising first at a gentle angle, and then, after an intervening aisle and low wall, by a bolder slope. From the highest tier one steps out upon the natural hillside. The nineteen tiers of the outer portion, each eighteen inches high, are both step and seat. The arc of the outer semicircle measures two hundred and fifty feet.

The stage is tangent to the circular open orchestra about which the tiers are disposed, and stands five feet and a half above it. It is a hundred and fifty feet in length, twenty-eight feet deep, and backed by a massive wall forty-two feet in height. This noble wall, enriched with sixteen columns and with stylobate and entablature in full Doric detail, represents a palace of temple front. It is pierced by a great central doorway, flanked by smaller openings, and with a portal as well in each of the return walls. The theater is built of concrete, the stage wall being finished by hand in Portland cement.

The theater has proved of a great practical usefulness as a place of assemblage for the University. Its intrinsic beauty, moreover, and its reminiscence of ancient lands and days, represent an enrichment and enlarging of California tradition.

* * *



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THE STADIUM ON SOLDIERS' FIELD

# The Harvard Stadium

### By George P. Morris

HARVARD'S spacious athletic field, given to the University by Major H. L. Higginson as a memorial of his Harvard comrades in the Civil War, and known as Soldiers' Field, now has standing upon it, on a site harmonizing with the scheme for its development outlined by Frederick Law Olmsted, a vast structure of steel-concrete known as the Stadium. In it football and lacrosse are to be played, and track sports carried on. While not entirely finished, it is nearly so. It is usable and already has been the resort of nearly forty thousand spectators at a single game. When completed it may have within its walls dressing-rooms for players, handball courts, a rifle range, and other accessories of sport. Besides furnishing a vast, imposing, fire-proof, durable structure suitable for watching rivalry in sport, this edifice bids fair to be the scene of other academic functions of a less strenuous sort. Class Day exercises were held on the sward near the upper end this year.

Greek in its design, more than any other building in the country it suggests and rivals those stadia built by men in classic times for vast crowds to sit in and watch tests of the strength, speed, and agility of Greeks and Romans. It is a U-shaped structure with a single curved end and two straight sides, and includes within its outer walls an area of 537 x 420 feet. Tier upon tier of concrete seats resting on steel girders and beams of concrete rise to a height of fifty feet, the seats being arranged on three variant angles or slopes. There are thirty-seven sections of seats, with thirty-one rows in a section, each row seating from fourteen to twenty-six persons, according to the position of the section. At the first football game played in the Stadium, that with Yale in the fall of 1903, 23,400 persons occupied seats in the Stadium proper, and 38,400 persons saw the game, the extra attendants being seated on temporary seats or standing on the sward.

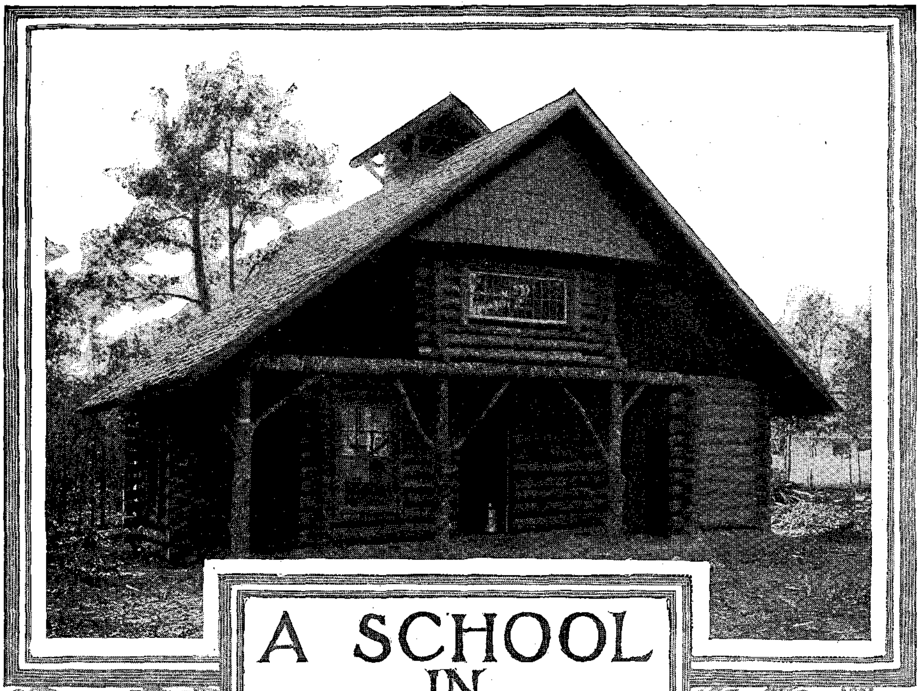
The mainspring and chief personality

DURING A YALE-HARVARD FOOTBALL GAME

of the corps of Harvard men responsible for this striking structure has been Professor I. N. Hollis, head of the Department of Engineering of the Lawrence Scientific School. With him have been associated very closely Professor L. J. Johnson, of the same department of the University, and Mr. Joseph R. Worcester, '82, consulting engineer, who are responsible for the work on its engineering and constructive side, and Messrs. C. F. McKim, the well-known architect, and Mr. George B. de Gershoff, '88, who are responsible for the general appearance of the structure and for converting a design guaranteed by engineers into one pleasing to the eye of the critic of architecture and to the average man. Construction was not begun until in Harvard's physical laboratories there had been thorough tests of the concrete-steel type of building, which, because of its first low cost, durability, non-inflammability, and other advantages, is likely to be used more and more.

The Stadium is a memorial of the generosity of the class of '79 and of the thrift of the management of the Athletic Association. The class of '79 gave $100,000 outright, the Athletic Association added $50,000 from an accumulated surplus set aside for this specific purpose, and the balance of the estimated cost ($225,000 to $250,000) will come from money borrowed, to be repaid from future profits of the Association.

Forty thousand people intensely interested in a contest of such importance and such fierce rivalry as a Yale-Harvard football match furnish a spectacle rarely surpassed and very informing for the student of humanity *en masse*. It is a rare place to study the psychology of the mob. The scene visible when this building is crowded with people is unsurpassed for its brilliancy of coloring, intensity of human feeling kept within bounds, and the evidence it furnishes of the hold which intercollegiate sport has on the well-to-do classes of American society. Along with fine sport and exceptional opportunity to witness it with unimpeded view, there now goes assurance of personal safety for the spectators, which was not the case when the former wooden grand stands were in use. Moreover, the structure itself serves as a model, educationally and æsthetically considered; and it doubtless is but a forerunner of many structures of the kind on academic athletic fields.



# A SCHOOL IN THE WOODS

### By MARTHA BERRY

WE live in the country. Our house stands on a hill with a wide lawn covered with stately oaks, and sloping gently from the house. Out in one corner of this grove stands an old-time log cabin with a stick and dirt chimney, and its cracks between the logs filled with clay. This was our playhouse, and on Saturday the eight children of the family resorted to the cabin with their governess to have a candy-pulling. The key was often lost, and the children went down the wide old chimney to turn the button that secured the door. By the time these children were grown the old cabin had become a ruin, and the flying squirrels and the birds had appropriated it and taken the children's place. I, particularly, was attached to this little house because it stood as a monument to my happy childhood, so I repaired it and made it into a cozy little den where I could spend quiet hours in the woods, the birds and rabbits being my only companions. Tacked on the door was an old coonskin, and a strong twine latchstring hung invitingly out. By pulling the string the heavy latch was lifted, and on entering the door you saw "Kyndle Friendship" painted in large black letters on the mantel-board over a wide fireplace. Scattered over the rough plank floor were skins of deer, wildcat, and red fox, while just outside of the door hung a long-handled gourd over a little cedar pail. From the round pine poles which served as rafters, and upon which the children performed their most remarkable gymnastic feats, hung strings of red pepper and ears of bright red and yellow popcorn. Each corner of the room was decorated with bunches of cotton, and an immense hornets' nest was stuck over the little window. In the dim corner was an old rosewood melodeon, whose small keyboard had turned yellow with age.

One Sunday afternoon in April, when the birds were singing and a fragrance was wafted from the crab-apple trees through the open door, I was lured to the cabin by the quiet and beauty that surrounded it. As I sat there all alone, I observed three little children, barefoot and ragged, peeping through the cracks. These were the children of the near-by tenant farmers, and their bright faces and the unspoken longing I saw written there caused me to throw aside my own thoughts, go forward, and speak to them. But they were very shy, these three little poor-white children, and it was only by tempting them with apples that I could coax them into the cabin. Remembering that it was Sunday, I told them some stories from the Bible. To many of the questions I asked about the Bible they answered: "Don't know. Ain't never been to no Sunday-school. We-uns hardshells." Then I asked, "Have you any brothers and sisters?" one replying, "I got about eight," another, "I got about ten."

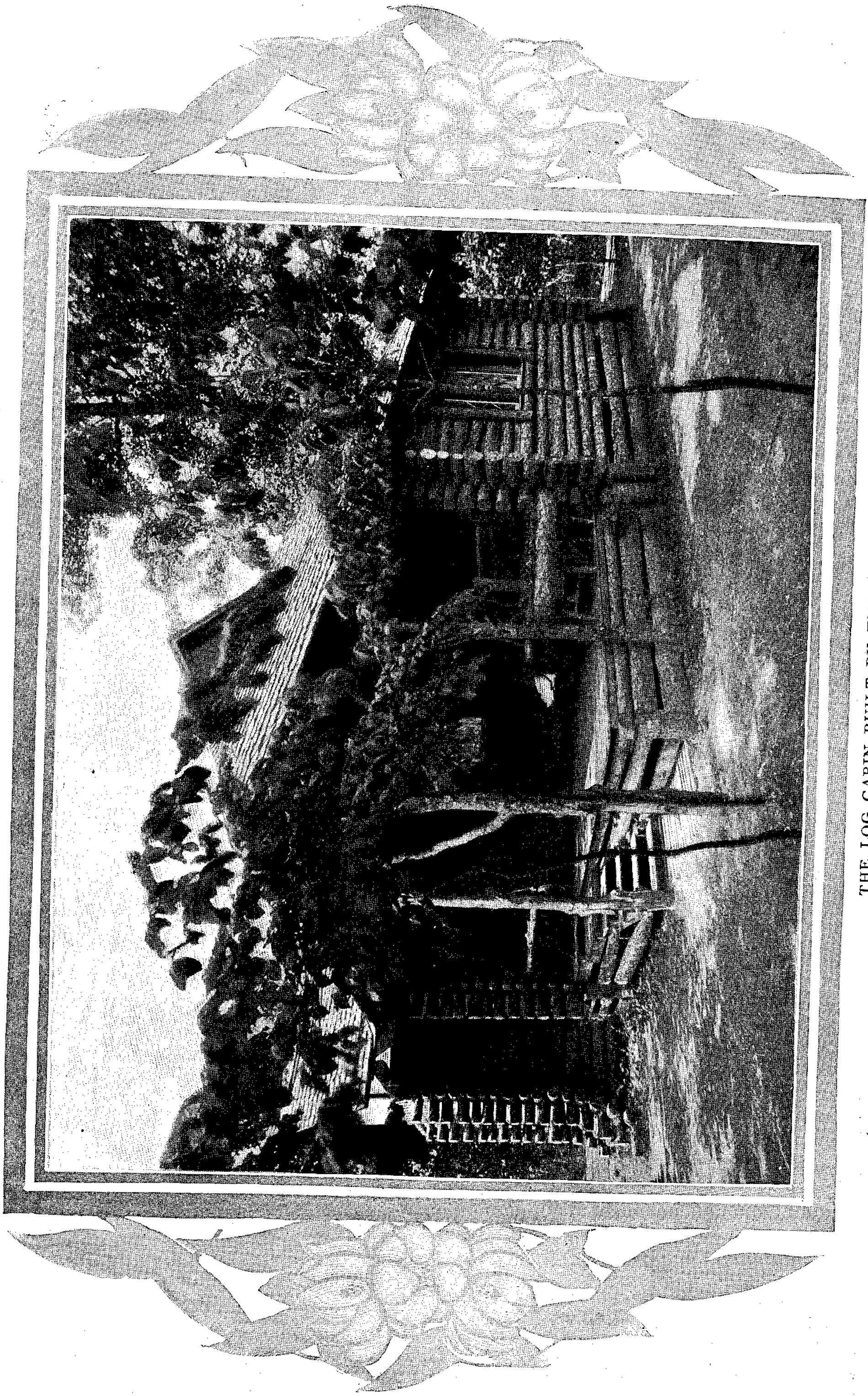
The next Sunday came. I had some visitors from a distance, and I had almost forgotten about the children. When I looked down into the woods and saw a procession, not only of children, but men, women, babies, and dogs, I said, "Oh, I had forgotten about that Sunday-school lesson; you will have to excuse me this time for my Sunday-school." I don't know much about teaching Sunday-school, but I began by saying, "We'll sing something." I played the melodeon. It was so infirm that three children had to hold it up, and it was usually a scramble as to who should hold the broken pedal in place and who support its feeble frame. As we had only one book, I would first line out the words, and they would recite them after me and then sing. I chose "I am so glad that Jesus loves me."

Presently my cabin grew so full that I would have to teach them through the cracks. Soap-boxes, skins, and shuck mats, and often the door-sill, would be utilized to seat my visitors. The shuck mats were made by the country people around and were brought as gifts to the cabin.

People would come rain or shine. I saw we must have a larger house, and so I took one hundred dollars and went to the sawmill and invested it in lumber. The boys and men in the Sunday-school put up a one-frame house, but soon I had to add a little room on one side, then a little room on the other side, with the big room at the back.

As some pupils would move to distant points, they would ask me to come and help them to have a Sunday-school in their settlement. I drove eight miles to 'Possum Trot Creek, and found an abandoned old house that had been built long before the war. The roof had tumbled in and there were no doors or windows. Once it rained while I was holding my Sunday-school, and my thin muslin dress was wet from the rain dripping through the roof. I would shift the Sunday-school from one corner to the other seeking protection from the rain. I asked the people to put on a new roof. "It mout not rain for a whole month," one man said; to which I replied, "Yes, but it mout rain next Sunday." I saw a board tree near by and told the men that if they would fell it and cut it into boards by a certain date, I would bring up nails and treat the workers to lemonade. Quite a number came and worked very hard to get the roof covered, and I sat under a large tree and made lemonade (some had never tasted that beverage before) and handed it to them. Some were very much amused, and one old man declared that he "never heard of a woman a-bossin' of a house-roofin' before."

My interest was chiefly centered in the boys and girls, whose minds and hearts were fresh and eager to learn, but who knew so little and had few



THE LOG CABIN BUILT BY THE BOYS

advantages. I soon learned that these children knew nothing about nature, and that they failed to appreciate the abundant beauties lying at their very doorsteps. I took long walks with them in the piny woods, telling them about the different varieties of plants, mosses, ferns, and wild flowers growing in our paths, and the names and habits of birds, insects, and butterflies. The keen interest in everything I told them about, their quick intelligence and rare aptitude, encouraged me to go on with the work.

I opened day-schools in each one of the Sunday-school houses, supplementing the five months allowed by the county with two or three months more, or just as long as the children could be spared from the crops.

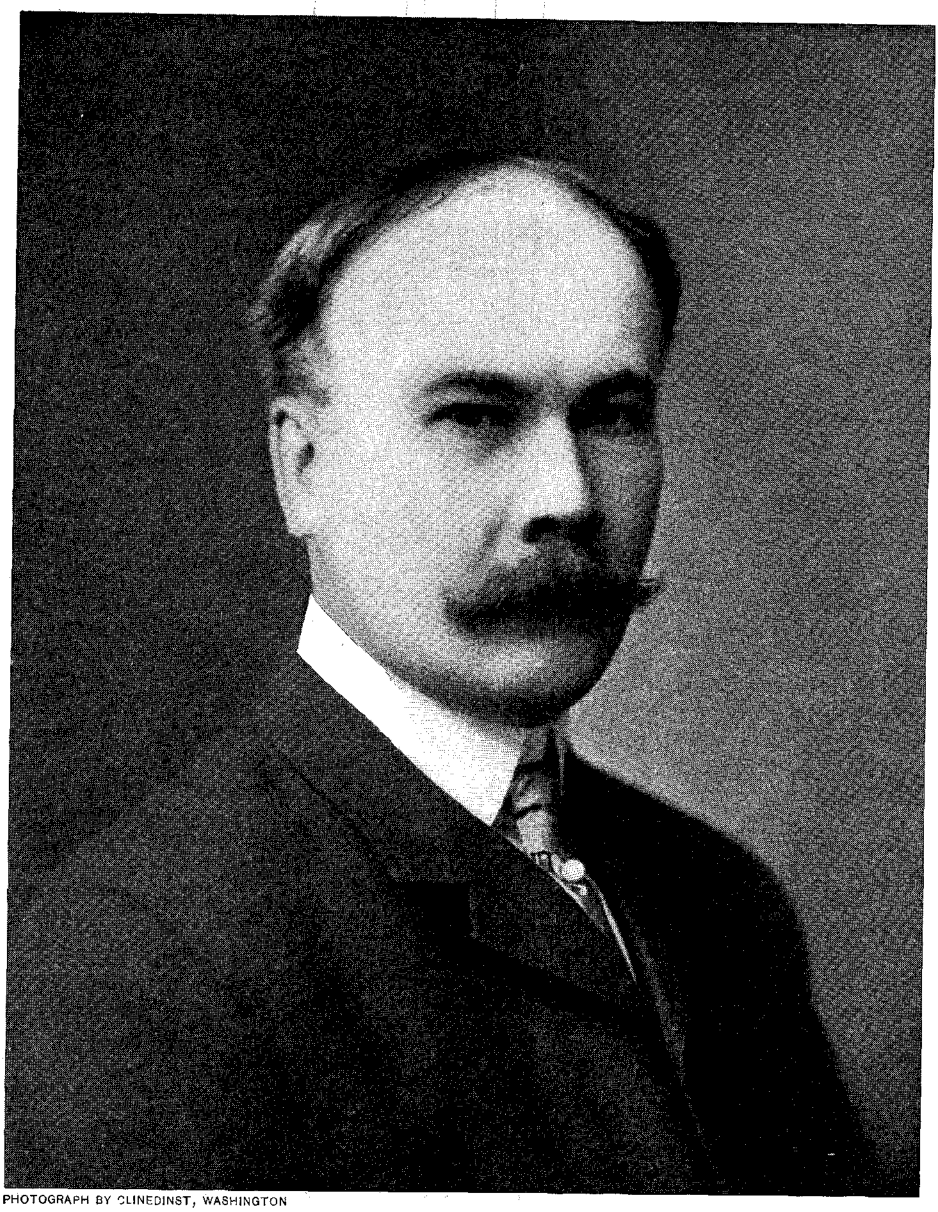
After six years' work in these Sunday-schools and day-schools among our people, I realized that their great need was a home school where we could teach them to work intelligently. With this in view, I built a house upon a place which my father gave me when I was twelve years old. It was a two-story building, and Miss Brewster, a friend who volunteered to give her services, joined forces with me, and together we opened a home school for boys. We tried to charge five dollars a month for board and tuition. Few could pay this. Some paid two dollars, some one dollar, some brought such food supplies as they could from their homes, and some had nothing to bring. All worked on the farm or about the place two hours a day. Now the boys do all the housework, all the farm work, grubbing up stumps, etc. Our dining-room table was made of rough planks put together. When we received a new pupil, we put in a plank. Our cloth was the cheapest cotton we could buy, and it was always spotlessly white. The napkins were cheesecloth. The bedrooms were furnished with cots, and dry-goods boxes covered with calico served as bureaus. We always had flowers on the table, and our breakfast was corn bread, coffee, and oatmeal. Dinner, stewed meats (scraps that the butcher sold for five cents a pound), rice, potatoes, and turnips. Supper was bread, milk, and sorghum molasses which we made on the farm. The boys had hearty appetites and ate a great deal. I don't think my fare cost quite five dollars a month, as I didn't enjoy the food; but I didn't think it right to have anything better than the boys had, and as I worked with them I felt I must eat the same food they had.

As an example of sincere industry and real interest in their work, the following incident is taken as an excellent illustration. Having an invitation to attend a Sunday-school several miles from the school, one of the boys asked me to take dinner with his mother, who lived near. On Saturday the boy came to me with a request to go home that day. When I asked him why he wanted to go home then, he said: "Well, you know, I wrote and asked Ma to have the house all cleaned up when you got there, but I'm afraid she don't know how; so I want to go and get it all scrubbed up before you come."

One year ago I deeded the entire place, a farm of eighty-five acres, to the school. It was incorporated under a board of trustees. This farm serves a double purpose. It not only supplies a great part of the food for the school, but some of the boys remain at the school during the summer vacation to work on the farm. They are allowed fifteen dollars a month and board. With the money earned in this way these boys are enabled to return to school and continue their studies. This is always eagerly sought for by a large number of bright and ambitious boys, many of whom cannot be taken.

By the aid of friends and trustees sufficient improvement has been made to accommodate seventy-five boys, the boys doing a great deal of the work under the direction of a head carpenter—building a carpenter shop, a laundry, and a picturesque log cabin.

Appreciation of the school is not confined to the boys, though one boy acted as chief cook in order to secure a scholarship for the second term. Another boy sold his only mule to come to school. The parents are no less appreciative. One man was willing to sell part of his home place to send his boy. A mother sold her only cow and lived on bacon and corn bread to pay her son's tuition.

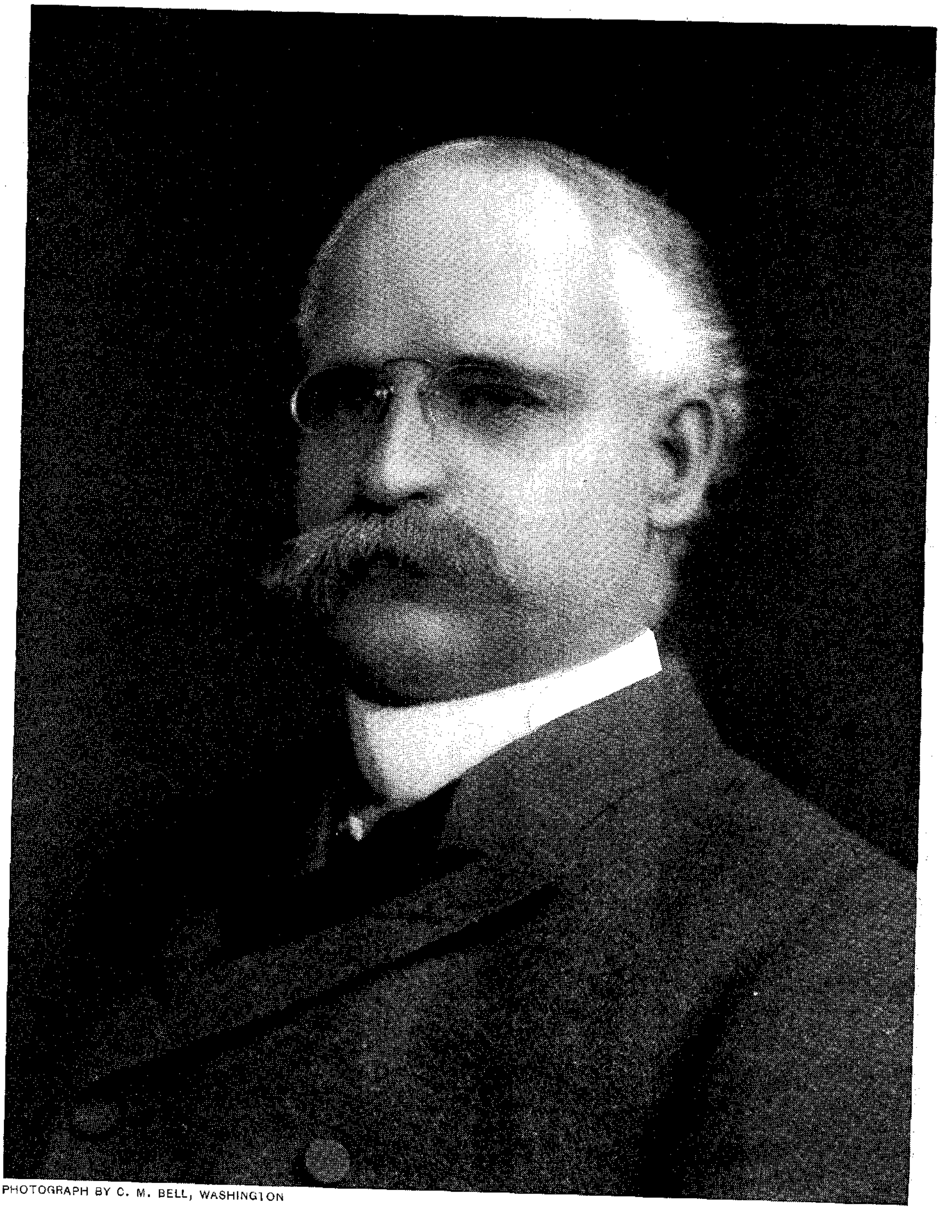


PHOTOGRAPH BY CLINEDINST, WASHINGTON

PAUL MORTON

# The New Cabinet Officers

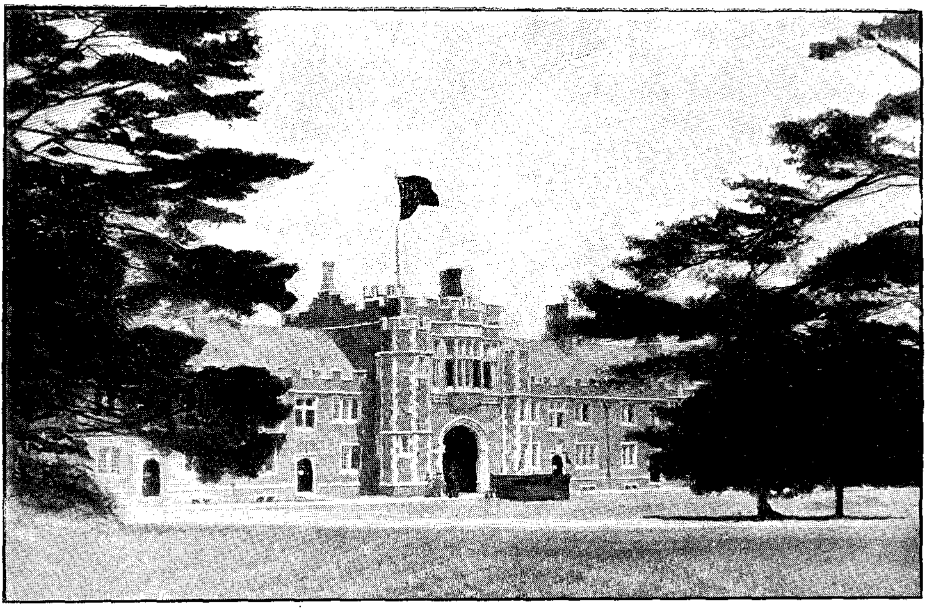
THE two new members of President Roosevelt's Cabinet, whose portraits are printed herewith, are the Hon. Paul Morton, who succeeds Mr. Moody as Secretary of the Navy, and the Hon. Victor Howard Metcalf, who succeeds Mr. Cortelyou as Secretary of the Department of Commerce and Labor. Mr. Morton is a resident of Chicago, although a native of Michigan. He has shown distinguished ability in organization and as a manager of men in the railway world, and he resigned the office of Vice-President of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railroad to accept a Cabinet position. He is the



PHOTOGRAPH BY C. M. BELL, WASHINGTON

VICTOR HOWARD METCALF

son of J. Sterling Morton, who was Secretary of Agriculture under President Cleveland. Mr. Morton is reported to have been a Palmer and Buckner Democrat in 1896, but to have voted for President McKinley in 1900. Mr. Metcalf is a Californian, and when appointed by the President was serving his third term as a member of Congress from that State. His home is in Oakland. In Congress Mr. Metcalf did good service as a member of the Ways and Means Committee and other important committees. He is said to be the third man from the Pacific Coast to hold office as a member of any President's Cabinet. Mr. Metcalf is about fifty years of age. He was graduated at the Yale Law School in 1876, and practiced law in Utica for two years before going out to the Pacific Coast.



THE DORMITORY FROM THE CAMPUS

# A Memorial to College Friendship

## By Robert Bridges

A STRANGER who visited Princeton during the recent Commencement season, and, crossing the beautiful campus, went along McCosh Walk and then turned toward Prospect Avenue, must have been astonished at what he saw; not at the very new and handsome dormitory—so new that the grading was just completed—for new buildings at Princeton are not astonishing. But the dwellers in that building must have surprised the stranger. Nearly every room was occupied, and heads were frequently thrust out of the windows with the familiar salutations of college youth. The stranger must have thought that they were the oldest lot of college boys he had ever seen. If he had entered one of the suites of rooms, he would have found a group of mature men sitting around on trunks, beds, and window-seats, and loafing in the good old college way. Then he would have been told what it all meant.

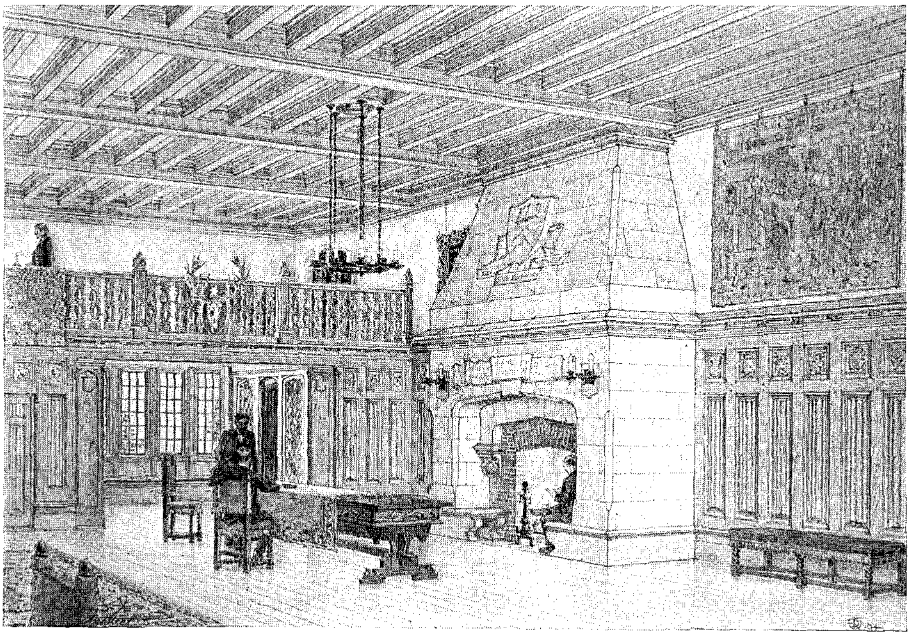
"The great class of '79 is back for a reunion, sir. There are ninety of us here—we only graduated one hundred and twenty-two—and most of us are living in this building. Out in town we have quartered about fifty wives and children; but this is the only original '79, living just as we used to live twenty-five years ago. The same old crowds are here, living in these entries as we used to live in East and West, Witherspoon and Reunion. You may not have heard that this is *our* building—we were always modest, but noisy. Well, it is ours, built, completed, and paid for; and we expect to hand it over to Tommy, with a brass key, to-morrow morning. Who is Tommy? Oh, just the President of the University. He writes histories and things under the name of Woodrow Wilson, but his chief title to distinction is that he is a member of the class of '79."

That is but a sample of what the inquisitive stranger might have heard in any of the rooms. Then he might have realized that he had run across an unusual and a beautiful thing—a lot of men, twenty-five years out of college, who had made a dream come true and were enjoying it to the utmost in its actuality.

The class began to give things to the College when it graduated. The bronze lions in front of Nassau Hall, where the seniors sing, were their gift. St. Gaudens's statue of McCosh in the Marquand Chapel was presented by the class when they were ten years out of college, and the grand old Doctor was on the platform to see the bronze unveiled. Five years ago they voted to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of their graduation by presenting a dormitory to the University, and the Class Committee were authorized to hustle. They did. They had to, for to raise $108,000 from about one hundred and forty men (including non-graduates), scattered all over the world, is no small task. But they knew the kind of men they had to fall back on—fellows who had always been loyal friends and devoted to the interests of Princeton. When the building was formally transferred to President Wilson on June 11, the money all had been paid in to the Class Treasurer, and there was a surplus for the celebration. It lasted four days.

About one hundred and twenty men contributed to the fund, according as the Lord had prospered them—and some did even better than the Lord had led them to believe they ought to do. Rich and poor did their best, and the building stands to-day a true class memorial, built by enthusiastic co-operation. It will yield to the College a net income of $4,000, to be used as the Trustees direct.

The dormitory is a fine example of Tudor Gothic, which was adopted about ten years ago as the style of architecture for all Princeton buildings. The architect, Benjamin Wistar Morris, Jr., of New York, has departed in many ways from the previous buildings in this manner at Princeton. The material has been changed from stone to a rich plum-tinted brick, made specially for this building, trimmed with Indiana limestone. The tower is not symmetrical—only one of the octagonal corners extending above the square of the main tower. All of the gargoyles and bosses are from special models by an eminent sculptor, Mr. Gutzon Borglum. There are twenty-four suites of three rooms each—a sitting-room and two bedrooms—and the building will therefore accommodate forty-eight students. Shower-baths are in the base-



THE MEMORIAL ROOM IN THE TOWER

ment, and the building is heated throughout by steam and lighted by electricity from the University light and power plant.

The fine large room which fills the whole of the tower above the arch typifies the sentiment which was the inspiration of this gift. It is to be now, and so long as members of the class survive, their memorial room—a beautiful room with an oak-beam ceiling, a mullioned window at either end, and a great stone fireplace and mantel on which are carved the seal of the University and this motto: ALMAE MATRI MAGNO EX AMORE DONUM PARVUM. In the alcove under the gallery will be preserved the memorabilia of the class. This hall was the scene of the class dinner and smoker in June, and it will be always available for that purpose when the class returns. It is likely that President Wilson will use the room during term time as his executive office.

While this dormitory is a substantial and useful gift for the University, the members of the class in all of the speeches made at the reunion were emphatic in disavowing any material motive in building it. They were proud to call it a gift of sentiment—that and that only. For more than twenty-five years they have been united in a remarkable way; their college friendship, instead of decreasing with the multiplicity of other interests, has deepened and broadened. They have had a very good time together, and they want this building to stand as a symbol of it—a place where new generations of students shall make similar friendships that may endure as long as theirs.

They believe that Princeton's best gift to her sons is this spirit of enlightened fellowship, nurtured by the free democratic life lived in the dormitories upon its beautiful campus.

The class of '79 wanted to have a perpetual interest in that life, and therefore gave to Alma Mater this gift.

# Our Harbor

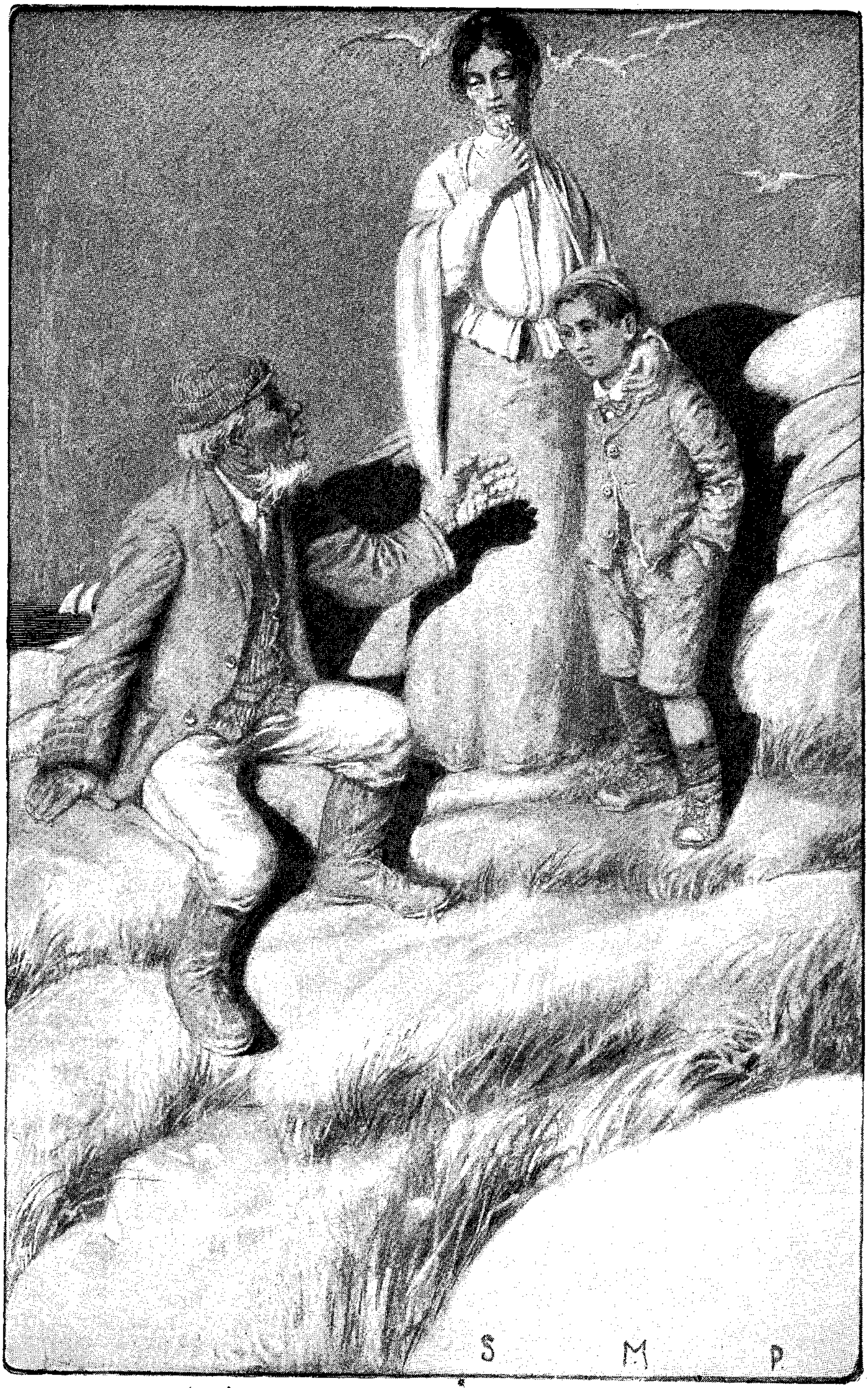
## By Norman Duncan

Author of "The Way of the Sea," etc., etc.

A CLUSTER of islands, lying off the cape, made the shelter of our harbor. They were but great rocks, gray, ragged, wet with fog and surf, rising bleak and barren out of a sea that forever fretted a thousand miles of rocky coast as barren and as somber and as desolate as they; but they broke wave and wind unfailingly and with vast unconcern—they were of old time, mighty, steadfast, remote from the rage of weather and the changing mood of the sea, surely providing safe shelter for us folk of the coast—and we loved them as true men, everywhere, love home.

"'Tis the cleverest harbor on the Labrador!" said we.

When the wind was in the northeast—when it broke, swift and vicious, from the sullen waste of water beyond, whipping up the gray sea, driving in the vagrant ice, spreading clammy mist over the reefs and rocky headlands of the long coast—our harbor lay unruffled in the lee of God's Warning. Skull Island and a shoulder of God's Warning broke the winds from the north; the froth of the breakers, to be sure, came creeping through the north tickle when the sea was high; but no great wave from the open ever disturbed the quiet water within. We were fended from the southerly gales by the massive, beetling front of the Isle of Good Promise, which, grandly unmoved by their fuming rage, turned them up into the black sky, where they went screaming northward, high over the heads of the white houses huddled in the calm below; and the seas they brought—gigantic, breaking seas—went to waste on Raven Rock and the Reef of the Thirty Black Devils, ere, their strength spent, they growled over the jagged rocks at the base of the great cliffs of Good Promise and came softly swelling through the broad south tickle to the basin. The west wind came out



"AN' DID HE SAY THAT!" CRIED SKIPPER TOMMY of the wilderness, fragrant of the far-off forest, lying unknown and dread in the inland, from which the mountains, bold and blue and forbidding, lifted high their heads; and the mist was then driven back into the gloomy seas of the east, and the sun was out, shining warm and yellow, and the sea, lying in the lee of the land, was all aripple and aflash.

When the spring gales blew—the sea being yet white with drift-ice—the schooners of the Newfoundland fleet, bound north to the fishing, often came scurrying into our harbor for shelter. And when the skippers, still dripping the spray of the gale from beard and sou'wester, came ashore for a yarn and a hospitable glass with my father, the trader, many a tale of wind and wreck and far-away harbors I heard, while we sat by the roaring stove in my father's little shop; such as those which began, "Well, 'twas the wonderfulest gale o' wind you ever seed—snowin' an' blowin', with the sea in mountains, an' it as black as a wolf's throat—an' we was somewheres off Cape Mugford. She were drivin' with a nor'east gale, with the shore somewheres handy t' le'ward. But, look! nar a one of us knowed where she were to, 'less 'twas in the thick o' the Black Heart Reefs. . . ." Stout, hearty fellows they were who told yarns like these—thick and broad about the chest and lanky below, long-armed, hammer-fisted, with frowsy beards, bushy brows, and clear blue eyes, which were fearless and quick to look.

"'Tis a fine harbor you got here, Skipper David Roth," they would say to my father, when it came time to go aboard, "an' here, zur," raising the last glass, "is t' the rocks that make it!"

"T' the schooners they shelter!" my father would respond.

When the weather turned civil, I would away to the summit of the Watchman—a scamper and a mad climb—to watch the doughty little schooners on their way. And it made my heart swell and flutter to see them dig their noses into the swelling seas—to watch them heel and leap and make the white dust fly—to feel the rush of the wet wind that drove them—to know that the gray path of a thousand miles was every league of the way beset with peril. Brave craft! Stout hearts to sail them! It thrilled me to watch them beating up the suddy coast, lying low and black in the north, and through the leaden, ice-strewn seas, with the murky night creeping in from the open. I, too, would be the skipper of a schooner, and sail with the best of them!

"A schooner an' a wet deck for me!" thought I.

And I loved our harbor all the more for that.

Thus, our harbor lay, a still, deep basin, in the shelter of three islands and a cape of the mainland; and we loved it, drear as it was, because we were born there and knew no kinder land; and we boasted it, in all the harbors of the Labrador, because it was a safe place, whatever the gale that blew.

The Watchman was the outermost headland of our coast and a landmark from afar—a great gray hill on the point of Good Promise by the Gate; our craft, running in from the Hook-an'-Line grounds off Raven Rock, rounded the Watchman and sped thence through the Gate and past Frothy Point into harbor. It was bold and bare—scoured by the weather—and dripping wet on days when the fog hung thick and low. It fell sharply to the sea by way of a weather-beaten cliff, in whose high fissures the gulls, wary of the hands of the lads of the place, wisely nested; and within the harbor it rose from Trader's Cove, where, snug under a broken cliff, stood our house and the little shop and storehouse and the broad drying-flakes and the wharf and fish-stages of my father's business. From the top there was a far, wide outlook—all sea and rock; along the ragged, treeless coast, north and south, to the haze wherewith, in distances beyond the ken of lads, it melted; and upon the thirty wee white houses of our folk, scattered haphazard about the harbor water, each in its own little cove and each with its own little stage and great flake; and over the barren, swelling rock beyond, to the blue wilderness, lying infinitely far away.

I shuddered when from the Watchman I looked upon the wilderness.

"'Tis a dreadful place," I had heard my father say. "Men starves in there."

This I knew to be true, for, once, I had seen the face of a man who came crawling out.

"The sea is kinder," I thought.

Whether so or not, I was to prove, at least, that the wilderness was cruel.

One blue day, when the furthest places on sea and land lay in a thin, still haze, my mother and I went to the Watchman to romp. There was place there for a merry gambol, place, even, led by a wiser hand, for roaming and childish adventure—and there were silence and sunlit space and sea and distant mists for the weaving of dreams—ay, and, upon rare days, the smoke of the great ships, bound down the Straits—and when dreams had worn the patience there were huge loose rocks handy for rolling over the brow of the cliff—and there was gray moss in the hollows, thick and dry and soft, to sprawl on and rest from the delights of the day. So the Watchman was a playground for my mother and me—my sister, my elder by seven years, was all the day long tunefully busy about my father's comfort and the little duties of the house—and, on that blue day, we climbed the broken cliff behind our house and toiled up the slope beyond in high spirits, and we were very happy together; for my mother was a Boston maid, and, though she turned to right heartily when there was work to do, she was not like the Labrador born, but thought it no sin to wander and laugh in the sunlight of the heads when came the blessed opportunity.

"I'm fair done out," said I, at last, returning, flushed, from a race to Beacon Rock.

"Lie here, Davy—ay, but closer yet—and rest," said she.

I flung myself at full length beside her, spreading abroad my sturdy little arms and legs; and I caught her glance, glowing warm and proud, as it ran over me from toe to crown, and, flashing prouder yet through a gathering mist of tears, returned again.

"I knows why you're lookin' at me that way," said I.

"And why?" said she.

"'Tis for sheer love o' me!"

She was strangely moved by this. Her hands, passionately clasped of a sudden, she laid upon her heart; and she drew a sharp, quivering breath.

"You're getting so—so—strong and—and—so *big!*" she cried.

"Hut!" said I. "'Tis nothin' t' cry about!"

"Oh," she sobbed, "I'm *proud* t' be the mother of a son!"

I started up.

"I'm that proud," she went on, hovering now between great joy and pain, "that it—it—fair *hurts* me!"

"I'll not have you cry!" I protested.

She caught me in her arms and we broke into merry laughter. Then to please her I said that I would gather flowers for her hair—and she would be the stranded mermaid and I the fisherman whom she besought to put her back in the sea and rewarded with three wishes—and I sought flowers everywhere in the hollows and crevices of the bald old Watchman, where, through years, some soil had gathered, but found only whisps of wiry grass and one wretched blossom; whereupon I returned to her very wroth.

"God made a botch o' the world!" I declared.

She looked up in dismay.

"Ay," I repeated, with a stamp of the foot, "a wonderful botch o' the world He's gone an' made. Why, they's but one flower on the Watchman!"

She looked over the barren land—the great gray waste of naked rock—and sighed.

"But one?" she asked, softly.

"An I was God," I said, indignantly, "I'd have made *more* flowers an' made un *bigger*."

She smiled in the way of one dreaming.

"Hut!" I went on, giving daring wing to my imagination, "I'd have made a hundred kinds, an' soil enough t' grow un all—*every one o' the whole hundred!* I'd have—"

She laid a soft hand on my lips. "'Tis a land," she whispered, with shining eyes, "that grows rosy lads, and I'm well content!"

"'Tis a poor way," I continued, disregarding her caress, "t' gather soil in buckets. *I'd* have made enough t' gather it in *barrows!* I'd have made lots of it—heaps of it. Why," I boasted, growing yet more recklessly prodigal, "I'd have made a *hill* of it somewheres handy t' every harbor in the world—as big as the Watchman—ay, an' handy t' the harbors, so the folk could take so much as they wanted—t' make potato-gardens—an'—an' t' make the graveyards deep enough. 'Tis a wonderful poor way," I concluded with contempt, "t' have t' gather it in buckets from the rocks!"

My mother was laughing heartily now.

"'Twould not be a better world, thinks you?" said I. "Ay, but I could do better than that! Hut!" I cried, at last utterly abandoned to my imagination, "I'd have more things than potatoes grow in the ground an' more things than berries grow on bushes. *What* would I have grow in the ground, says you? Is you thinkin' I don't *know?* Oh, ay, mum," I protested, somewhat at a loss, but very knowingly, "*I* knows!" I was now getting rapidly beyond my depth; but I plunged bravely on, wondering like lightning, the while, what else *could* grow in the ground and on the bushes. "I'd have *flour* grow in the ground, mum," I cried, triumphantly, "an' I'd have sea-boots an' sou'westers grow on the bushes. An', ecod!" I continued, inspired, "I'd have fishes grow on bushes, already split an' cleaned!"

What other improvements I would have made on the good Lord's handiwork I do not know. Skipper Tommy Lovejoy, being on the road to Trader's Cove from the Rat Hole, where he lived alone with his twin lads, had spied us from Needle Rock, and now came puffing up the hill to wish my mother good-day; which, indeed, all true men of the harbor never failed to do whenever they came near. He was a short, marvelously broad, bow-legged old man—but yet straight and full of strength and fine hope—all the while dressed in tight white moleskin (much soiled by the slime of the day's work), long skin boots, tied below the knees, and a ragged cloth cap, which he kept pulled tight over his bushy gray hair. There was a mild twinkle forever lying in the depths of his blue eyes, and thence, at times, overflowing upon his broad brown face, which then rippled with wrinkles, from the roots of his hair to the fringe of white beard under his chin, in a way at once to make one laugh with him, though one could not quite tell why. We lads of the harbor loved him very much, for his good-humor and for his tenderness—never more so, however, than when, by night, in the glow of the fire, he told us long tales of the fairies and wicked elves he had dealt with in his time, twinkling with every word, so that we were sorely puzzled to know whether to take him in jest or earnest.

"I've a very bad son, the day, Skipper Tommy," said my mother, laying a fond hand on my head.

"Have you, now, mum!" cried the skipper with a wink. "'Tis hard t' believe. He've been huntin' gulls' nests in parlous places on the cliff o' the Watchman, I'm thinkin'."

"'Tis worse than that."

"Dear man! Worse than that, says you? Then he've took the punt beyond the Gate all by hisself."

"'Tis even worse than that. He's not pleased with the dear Lord's world."

Skipper Tommy stopped dead and stared me in the eye—but not coldly, you must know; just in mild wonder, in which, it may be, was mixed some admiration, as though he, too, deep in his guileless old heart, had had some doubt which he dared not entertain.

"Ay," said I, loftily, "He've not made flowers enough t' suit *my* taste."

Skipper Tommy rubbed his nose in a meditative way. "Well," he drawled, "He haven't made many, true enough. I'm not sayin' He mightn't have made more. But He've done very well. They's enough—oh, ay, they's enough t' get along with. For, look you! lad, they's no real *need* o' any more. 'Twas wonderful kind of Un," he went on, swept away by a flood of good feeling, as often happened, "t' make even one little flower. Sure, He didn't *have* t' do it. He just went an' done it for love of us. Ay," he repeated, delighting himself with this new thought of his Lord's goodness, "'twas wonderful kind o' the Lard t' take so much trouble as that!"

My mother was looking deep into Skipper Tommy's eyes as though she saw some lovely thing therein.

"Ay," said I, "'twas fair kind; but I'm wishin' He'd been a bit more free."

My mother smiled at that. Then, "And my son," she said, in the way of one poking fun, "would have *flour* grow out of the ground!"

"An' did he say that!" cried Skipper Tommy.

My mother laughed, and Skipper Tommy laughed uproariously, and loudly slapped his thick thigh; and I felt woefully foolish, and wondered much what depth of ignorance I had betrayed; but I laughed, too, because Skipper Tommy laughed so heartily and opened his great mouth so wide; and we were all very merry for a time. At last, while I wondered, I thought that, perhaps, flour *did* grow, after all—though for the life of me I could not tell how—and that my mother and Skipper Tommy knew it well enough; whereupon I laughed the merrier.

"Come, look you!" then said Skipper Tommy, gently taking the lobe of my ear between his thick, hard thumb and forefinger. "Don't you go thinkin' you could make better worlds than the Lard. Why, lad, 'tis but *play* for *Him! He've* no trouble makin' a world! I'm thinkin' He've made more than one," he added, his voice changing to a knowing whisper. "'Tis my own idea, but," now sagely, "I'm thinkin' He did. 'Tis like that this was the first, an' He done better when He got His hand in. Oh, ay, nar a doubt He done better with the rest! But He done wonderful well with this one. When you're so old as me, lad, you'll know that though the Lard made few flowers, He put a deal o' time an' labor on the harbors; an' when you're beatin' up t' the Gate, lad, in a gale o' wind—an' when you thinks o' the quiet place t'other side o' Frothy Point—you'll know the Lard done well by all the folk o' this world when He made safe harbors instead o' wastin' His time on flowers. Ay, lad, 'tis a wonderful well-built world; and you'll know it—then!"

We turned homeward—down the long road over the shoulder of the Watchman; for the evening was drawing near.

"They's times," said Skipper Tommy, giving his nose a puzzled tweak, "when I wonders how He done it. 'Tis fair beyond me! I wonders a deal, now, mum," turning to my mother, his face lighting with interest, "about they stars. Now, mum," smiling wistfully, "I wonders . . . I wonders . . . how He stuck un up there in the sky. Ah," with a long sigh, "I'd sure like t' know that! An' wouldn't you, mum? Ecod! but I *would* like t' know that! 'Twould be worth while, I'm thinkin'. I'm wishin' I could find out. But, hut!" he cried, with a laugh which yet rang strangely sad in my ears, "'tis none o' my business. 'Twould be a queer thing, indeed, if men went pryin' into the Lard's secrets. He'd fix un, I 'low—He'd snarl un all up—He'd let un think theirselves wise an' guess theirselves mad! That's what He'd do. But, now," falling again into a wistful, dreaming whisper, "I wonders . . . wonders . . . how He *does* stick them stars up there. I'm thinkin' I'll try t' think that out—some day—so people could know, an' wouldn't have t' wonder no more. I—wonders—if I could!"

We walked on in silence—down the last slope, and along the rocky path to Trader's Cove; and never a word was spoken. When we came to the turn to our house, we bade the skipper good-evening.

"Don't you be forgettin'," he said, tipping up my face with a finger under my chin, "that you'll soon be thinkin' more o' harbors than o' flowers."

I laughed.

"But, ecod!" he broke out, violently rubbing his nose, until I was fairly concerned for it, so red did it turn, "that was a wonderful good idea about the flour!"

My mother looked at him sharply; then her eyes twinkled, and she hid a smile behind her hand.

"'*Twould* be a good thing t' have it grow," the old man continued. "'Twould be far better than—than—well, now—makin' it the way they does. Ecod!" he concluded, letting his glance fall in bewilderment on the ground, "I wonders how they *does* make flour. I wonders . . . wonders . . . where they gets the stuff an'—an'—how they makes it!"

He went off, wondering still; and my mother and I went slowly home, and sat in the broad window of our house, which overlooked the harbor and fronted the flaring western sky; and then first she told me of the kind green world beyond.

There was a day not far distant—my father had told my mother with a touch of impatience that it *must* come for all sons—when Skipper Tommy took me with one of the twin lads in the punt to the Hook-an'-Line grounds to jig, for the traps were doing poorly with the fish, the summer was wasting, and there was nothing for it but to take to hook and line; which my father's dealers heartily did, being anxious to add what fish they could to the catch, though in this slower way. And it was my first time beyond the Gate—and the sea seemed very vast and strange and sullen when we put out at dawn—and when the long day was near done the wind blew gray and angry from the north and spread a thickening mist over the far-off Watchman—and before night closed, all that Skipper Tommy had said of harbors and flowers came true in my heart.

"We'll be havin' t' beat up t' the Gate," said he, as he hauled in the grapnel.

"With all the wind she can carry," added little Jacky, bending to lift the mast into the socket.

In truth, yes—as it seemed to my unknowing mind: she had all the wind she could carry. The wind fretted the black sea until it broke all roundabout; and the punt heeled to the gusts and endlessly flung her bows up to the big waves; and the spray swept over us like driving rain, and was bitter cold; and the mist fell thick and swift upon the coast beyond. Jacky, forward with the jib-sheet in his capable little fist and the bail-bucket handy, scowled darkly at the gale, being alert as a cat the while; and the skipper, his mild smile unchanged by all the tumult, kept a hand on the mainsheet and tiller, and a keen, quiet eye on the canvas and on the vanishing rocks whither we were bound. And forth and back she went, back and forth, again and again, without end—beating up to harbor.

"Dear man!" said Skipper Tommy, with a glance at the vague black outline of the Watchman, "but 'tis a fine harbor!"

"'Tis that," sighed Jacky, wistfully, as a screaming little gust heeled the punt over; "an'—an'—I wisht we was there!"

Skipper Tommy laughed at *his* son.

"I does!" Jacky declared.

"I—I—I'm not so sure," I stammered, taking a tighter grip on the gunwale, "but I wisht we was—there—too."

"You'll be wishin' that often," said Skipper Tommy, pointedly, "if you lives t' be so old as me."

We wished it often, indeed, that day—while the wind blustered yet more wildly out of the north, and the waves tumbled aboard our staggering little craft, and the night came apace over the sea—and we have wished it often since that old time, have Jacky and I, God knows! I had the curious sensation of fear, I fancy—though I am loth to call it that—for the first time in my life; and I was very much relieved when, at dusk, we rounded the looming Watchman, ran through the white waters and thunderous confusion of the Gate, with the breakers leaping high on either hand, sharply turned Frothy Point, and came at last into the ripples of Trader's Cove. Glad I was, you may be sure, to find my mother waiting on my father's wharf, and to be taken by the hand, and to be led up the path to the house, where there was spread a grand supper of fish and bread, which my sister had long kept waiting; and, after all, to be rocked in the broad window, safe in the haven of my mother's arms, while the last of the sullen light of day fled into the wilderness and all the world turned black.

"You'll be singin' for me, mum, will you not?" I whispered.

"And what shall I sing, lad?" said she.

"You knows, mum."

"I'm not so sure," said she. "Come, tell me!"

What should she sing? I knew well, at that moment, the assurance my heart wanted: we are a God-fearing people, and I was a child of that coast; and I had then first come in from a stormy sea. There is a song—

"'Tis 'Jesus Saviour Pilot Me,'" I answered.

"I knew it all the time," said she; and,

"Jesus, Saviour, pilot me,
Over life's tempestuous sea,"

she sang, very softly—and for me alone—like a sweet whisper in my ear.

"Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rock and treacherous shoal;
Chart and compass came from Thee:
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me!"

"I was thinkin' o' that, mum, when we come through the Gate," said I. "Sure, I thought Skipper Tommy might miss the Way, an' get t'other side o' the Tooth, an' get in the Trap, an' go t' wreck on the Murderers, an'—"

"Hush, dear!" she whispered. "Sure, you've no cause to fear when the pilot knows the way."

The feeling of harbor—of escape and of shelter and of brooding peace—was strong upon me while we sat rocking in the failing light. I have never since made harbor—never since come of a sudden from the toil and the frothy rage of the sea by night or day, but my heart has felt again the peace of that quiet hour—never once but blessed memory has given me once again the vision of myself, a little child, lying on my mother's dear breast, gathered close in her arms, while she rocked and softly sang of the tempestuous sea and a Pilot for the sons of men, still rocking, rocking, in the broad window of my father's house. I protest that I love my land, and have from that hour, barren as it is and as bitter the sea that breaks upon it; for I then learned—and still know—that it is as though the dear God himself made harbors with wise, kind hands for such as have business in the wild waters of that coast. And I love my life—and go glad to the day's work—for I have learned, in the course of it and by the life of the man who came to us, that, whatever the stress and fear of the work to be done, there is yet for us all a refuge, which, by way of the heart, they find who seek.

And I fell asleep in my mother's arms, and by and by my big father came in, and laughed tenderly to find me lying there; and then, as I have been told, laughing softly still, they carried me up and flung me on my bed, flushed and wet and limp with sound slumber, where I lay like a small sack of flour, while together they pulled off my shoes and stockings and jacket and trousers and little shirt, and bundled me into my night-dress, and rolled me under the blanket, and tucked me in, and kissed me good-night.

When my mother's lips touched my cheek, I awoke. "Is it you, mamma?" I asked.

"Ay," said she; "'tis your mother, lad."

Her hand went swiftly to my brow, and smoothed back the tousled, wet hair.

"Is you kissed me yet?"

"Oh, ay!" said she.

"Kiss me again, please, mum," said I, "for I wants—t' make sure—you done it."

She kissed me again, very tenderly; and I sighed and fell asleep, content.

# My Hill-Field

By John H. Finley

It recks me little in whose name
The title runs to this hill-field,—
These acres, fenced of selfishness,
Which only tree and bramble yield.

These woods are his who loves them most;
Against his claim no title stands
Though it were writ in oath-black ink
In th' official book of lands.

I may not cut a fire-filled bough
To warm at eve my errant feet,
Nor pluck a berry from the bush,
Nor tap a trunk of its stored sweet;

Yet am I owner in full fee,
I who may naught of all destroy;
He's tenant who may pluck and fell,
Mine is the title to enjoy.

# Alma Mater

## By Washington Gladden

Few Americans in this generation have more consistently interpreted in deed and word the ideals and spirit of the American college than Dr. Washington Gladden. In scholarship, wide public interests, devotion to high standards of intellectual work, sympathy with the religious and social movements of his time, he has approved himself a true representative of the scholar in the pulpit and in public life. As an undergraduate in Williams College he wrote a song which is always heard when Williams men meet; for "The Mountains" is one of the best American college songs. The verses below were read at the dinner of the Williams alumni in Chicago last winter, and were subsequently read, in response to urgent requests, at similar dinners in Boston and Philadelphia. The background of the poem will be recognized by every lover of the Berkshire country, but its interpretation of the spirit and ideals of the college belongs to all colleges.—THE EDITORS.

I.

Drawn from hill and plain and prairie, from the lands of corn and pine,
We are gathered, Alma Mater, for our love to thee and thine.
Silver hairs and beardless faces, men of words and men of deeds,
Followers of many callings, worshipers of many creeds,
Well content in much to differ so that only we may be
Loyal to our Alma Mater, one in love to thine and thee.

II.

Bond is this that brings no burden, loyalty that never shames,
Pure the heart on whose high altar such a blameless passion flames.
Not for greed and not for glory cherish we our love for thee,
From all soilure of the senses is our heart's devotion free;
For the gift for which our praises and our thanks to thee unite
Is the bounty of the Spirit, is the boon of Life and Light.

III.

Alma Mater, we invoke thee! let thy sons behold thy face!
Wilt thou not, for our imploring, deign our festival to grace?
In our speech we often name thee, in our songs we tell thy worth.
Show us something of thy presence; let us see thee on the earth:
Nothing ghostly can we deem thee; kindred of our souls art thou:
Speak, that we may well discern thee, and hold converse with thee now!

IV.

Stately mountains, strong and silent, warders of the valley sweet,
Capped with clouds and clad with forests, meadows nestling at your feet,
Writing out your mighty legend in the bold horizon lines,
Roaring out your savage saga when the wind raves through the pines,
Green with all the tints of spring-time when the May's sweet voices call,
Flaming like the fires of sunset when the frosts of autumn fall,—

V.

Valley of the winding river, guarded by the mountains strong,
Where the little hills rejoicing join the pastures in their song,
Halls and towers and groves and temples, rising now in vision clear,
Beautiful for situation, fair to sight, to memory dear,—

Ye are not our Alma Mater; ye are but the sacred shrine
Of a Spirit free, transcendent, of a Life unseen divine!

VI.

Stately halls and towers will crumble, brick and stone return to dust,
All the treasures men can gather prove a prey to moth and rust;
But the life of Alma Mater waneth not with passing years,
On her brow "Time writes no wrinkle;" in her steady eye appears
Not a trace of age or dimness, in her locks no streak of gray,
For her life is life immortal, and she knoweth not decay.

VII.

Nay, thou art no ghost, our mother; yet no shape of sense art thou;
Truth thou art, and Trust and Honor, Wisdom sits upon thy brow;
Honest Thought and High Endeavor on thy left hand and thy right,
Faith thy vital breath and being, Hope thy vision, Love thy light;
Eyes can see not, ears can hear not, all that thou art called to be,
For the Spirit in its freedom lives and loves and rules in thee.

VIII.

So we welcome thee, enthrone thee Alma Mater at our feast;
Reverently thy sons salute thee: art thou not our viewless guest?
Here we stand with heads uncovered, and with minds attentive, wait
For thy gracious benediction, for thy smile serene, sedate;
Hast thou not some word of counsel, truth to hearten, hope to cheer?
There is silence, Alma Mater! speak, and we thy sons will hear!

IX.

Something stiller than the silence, something softer than a sound
Falls upon the inward ear as falls the dew upon the ground:
"For your words of love, my children, for the bounty of your praise,
Take my blessing; let it brighten all the remnant of your days.
With my sons I share my honor; all I have to you I give;
In your weal I find my welfare; in your happiness I live.

X.

"In the peace of that fair valley where the heavens are near and kind,
And the blessed balms of silence soothe the heart and calm the mind,
Where no reek nor war of cities soils the thought nor storms the sense,
And the stars are mine for counsel, and the mountains for defense,
There I guard the sacred fire and there I list the living word
Only to the prudent spoken, only by the humble heard.

XI.

"There your loyal love has reared for me a many-mansioned seat,
By your bounty you have made it for my use and service meet:
For your liberal care I praise you; only let us ponder well
That the life is more than form, and that the pearl is not the shell;
Shapely souls our art must fashion; ample lives our toil must build;
Care we first that hall and cloister shall with manly men be filled.

XII.

"Ye are seeking how to serve me; ye have thought how ye may best
Fill my days with peace and plenty, make my life more fully blest:
Hear me, then, while I adjure you, by the love ye bear to me,
That ye lift on high forever kingly truth that maketh free;

That ye keep your faith in honest worth and honor without stain;
That ye hate the bribes of Mammon and the heresy of Cain.

### XIII.

"Words I hear—yet hear not often in the valley where I dwell—
Noisome words whose exhalations overcome me like a spell,
Filling all the walks of wisdom with the maxims of the mart,
Showing how the roots of honor from the mold of lucre start,—
That the "greatest need" of learning—nay, I will not name the name
For the greatest need of learning is to blush for this her shame.

### XIV.

"Learning's need? Not millions; nay, but men of light and power and truth;
Men whose steady flame will kindle glow of love in generous youth;
Men whose life is not for lucre; men to whom the scholar's call
Is for duty, not for fodder like the cattle in the stall:
Can ye buy them in the market? Nay, more dear their life they hold;
Who have given their lives for love can never sell their souls for gold.

### XV.

"Give me such to stand before me, as the years my life renew;
Men heroic, consecrated, to the scholar's function true;
With the soul of mighty Alcuin, with old Beda's courage high,
Wiclif's vision of the future, Colet's glorious constancy;
Give me these and Learning need not with the powers of greed confer;
All things that her life requireth shall be added unto her.

### XVI.

"Yea, and ye, my loyal children, ye my witnesses shall stand,
With the word of valiant counsel, with the truth in your right hand;
Ye shall bear with me the burden of the spirit's royal strife,
Ye shall share with me the guerdon of the joy that crowneth life:
So I hail you, and I bless you! may the years your hopes increase,
And the lengthening days grow brighter, and the end thereof be peace!"

### XVII.

Alma Mater, we are standing in the calmness and the hush,
Silent, as the prophet waited by the flame of burning bush;
And the conscious air is trembling with the truth our ears have heard,
And within our hearts is hidden all the meaning of thy word:
In the shadowy ways before us thou our Counselor shalt be,
For thou leadest through the dimness to the Truth that maketh free.

# The American College Man

## By a European University Girl

Author of "The American College Girl," which appeared in The Outlook for January 16, 1904

LEST I should be tempted to veil my thought in the course of the following pages, I will take the plunge at once and declare that, notwithstanding the contrary opinion of many European writers, and, I think, of most of the American women, there is in the world something better than the American woman, and that is the American man. He knows, it is true, less about Browning and metaphysics, but his work is earnest, profitable, and serious. Then, since a college is a community in miniature, the same appreciation will apply also to the college man as compared with the college girl, only that in his case I am willing to throw in a decent amount of metaphysics too.

In handling the subject, which is arduous, to say the least, I feel very much like the little German boy who had got hold of a curled-up hedgehog; he dared not let go because he was afraid it would escape him, and somehow he did not feel quite safe in gripping hard, for curled-up hedgehogs have a trick of being different from what they appear. Outsiders are apt to see the results achieved by the college man, rather than the procedure by which the college man achieves them; and what with a certain millionaire's assumption that a college man is no better than any other man for after life, and the declaration of a society leader that no man is a gentleman who is not a college man, the outsider might be somewhat justified in feeling that he has stumbled on a subject with marked affinities to the hedgehog of little Moritz.

It was at a Continental dinner-party, I remember, that the striking difference between the American college man and the European university man was first brought to my attention. On my left an American just coming from his Alma Mater, on my right a European about graduating, each as characteristic of his kind and naturally as contrasting as the most particular observer might have wished. The American was undeniably good-looking, clean, boyish, square-jawed, energetic. On the other side the European, dark-eyed, dark-haired, supple, and refined, more of a man of the world in word and gesture than the other. The European was courteous and gallant, so was the American, but their ways were different. The American boy's *galanterie* was rather a chivalrous attitude towards the whole sex, while the European's manner implied a particular appreciation of the particular woman to whom he was talking at the moment; the European's English was just a bit quaint, but I discovered afterward that the American's French was slightly astonishing. There they stood, the same in age, in rank, in education, presumably in intelligence; the same and the opposite at one time, made and molded as they were by something identical and different—its presence felt in both of them—something which was neither the outcome of difference of race, religion, or civilization, but rather a bond and a severance at the same time: their university training. Trust a university student for recognizing it at once. When the English Secretary of Legation leaned across the table and spoke of an Oxford rowing-match, the American's face lighted up suddenly, and the two Anglo-Saxons were soon diving deep in the blue waters of the Isis. But the European turned to me and discussed politics and Imperialism versus Socialism. He was one type. In his place a representative of another type might have sat, a man who would have discussed art and the manuscripts of the Bibliothèque Nationale; or, even, a man to whom the last drama by Maeterlinck or possibly the prize-winner at the latest races might have been of interest paramount. But I learned afterwards that, no matter what other American college man might have been at that American's place, the sportive intercollegiate events would never have failed to excite an attention and elicit a conversation when every other subject should have fallen flat. It astonished me; but I understood it well when I came to this country and saw that magnificent sight, a college game, and witnessed the enthusiasm of the nation in regard to it, and beheld the whole thing surrounded by that glamour of public interest and appreciation which raises a college contest to the dignity of something very nearly resembling those great Greek national games about which we used to read and wonder on the texts of the classics in our university days, and of which we scarcely imagined to see the resurrection on the athletic field of the American college.

It is obviously here that the point lies. It is this athletic spirit, this severe gymnastic training, this never-failing interest in the victories and defeats of physical strength and exercise, which makes the Harvard men and the Yale men, the men from Cornell and those from Princeton, so different from our Europeans. After the tumult and turmoil of European university politics, it astonished me very much to see the interests of the American student chiefly concentrated on the sporting page of the political dailies, while it amused me to hear the ladies of the girls' college faculty choose the affairs of the Far East as a fitting subject for a feminine club's debate. Politics in the American college seems to me to take very much the place of religion in the European universities: a thing which exists, but with which the student as member of an organization is not concerned or conversant in the least. Then, with us, politics takes the place of athletics in America. And athletics? Ah, well; our Russians discuss and strengthen merely the muscle of their brain; our Germans fight duels and win beer-drinking contests; our Italians and our Greeks and our Spaniards fight each other or the Government, and go into journalism, and occasionally indulge in a riot or in a swimming or rowing or fencing or target shooting match; and our Frenchmen—our Frenchmen picnic and enjoy life and the country if they have a pretty girl with them. The Rumanian, the Macedonian, the Bulgarian, the Hungarian youths are still something of a question mark on the intellectual map of Europe. You find them everywhere, all over her universities, clever, turbulent, interesting. The European university man is more individual and more complex at the same time than his American equivalent. The organization of the American college as a world apart, its system of dormitories and fraternity houses, of clubs and co-operative households, unknown to Continental Europe, tends to assimilate the type of the American student; while the European system of controlling the man's activity only for a definite number of hours a day, and then controlling it rather on final standards than on analytical observance of rules, tends to differentiate the European student as much as possible. Excuses for cuts, official permissions for absence from lectures, control of attendance to exercises, devotional exercises at that, would be rebelled against most strenuously by the European student as boarding-school systems. He is willing to be held responsible at the end of the year for his work and profit, not to be checked like a wayward school boy. He wants to be free to work hard ten days, and to do nothing the next ten, if such is his pleasure. This reflects a little the general moral condition of Europe versus America. In this land of freedom and liberty there are really more restrictions of every kind than one is accustomed to bear in Europe individually. But, to return to the student world, it is clear that the European system leaves every man to his own individual devices and resources both for work and play, for associations and friendships. A student may, if he chooses, never see his fellow-students, except during lectures or laboratory work. The universities being located in cities all over which the students' lodgings are dispersed, some boarding alone, some housing with friends, many living with their own families, the city life pervades and permeates the life of the university to an extent unknown in America. Here every college man feels that he can be tracked, by that excellent and remarkable institution, the class number, back to his college and class, and he feels in honor bound not to disgrace the reputation of that college by word or deed. The honor principle, which is in Europe a product of individuality and applies to the university only in the matter of study, seems to be here an outcome of the general college spirit; it is in the college atmosphere, as a quality and virtue of the collectivity, not as an individually acquired distinction; and this is a thing which, to my mind, weighs very heavily in favor of the American college. It is certainly to its moral achievements that the American college may point with greatest pride, and they are the more satisfactory and remarkable since they seem to be the result of a law unspoken and almost wholly enforced by the students themselves, who seem to wish to be held responsible for their character, as the European is for his work. The college spirit, as it is inherited in families, is also most remarkable to the foreign mind. In America you belong to a college through cherished family traditions or associations, because your father and your friends went there, and you are apt to find there a more congenial atmosphere. In Europe you simply go to the nearest or most convenient university, to the one in the largest or the smallest city, according to your tastes and means, and so forth. It is rather the well-known name of a teacher which takes, in Europe, the place of the college's name here. You say in Europe that you have been a student under So-and-so rather than that you come from such-and-such a university, as the fame of the man generally exceeds that of the institution. Now, the men most characteristic and representative of the country are not college teachers in America, for it is business and not scholarship for which the representative American is conspicuous; while many of the greatest men of Europe are to be found in Europe's universities. This makes what the French would call "all the difference in the world." This means that students are branded with the mark of the powerful individuality of men who, in many cases, are the leaders of political thought and of the official life of the nation. In other words, in Europe a man's university life is often concentrated in one man's tremendous power, while here the power is dispersed through a faculty, which, with well-regulated skill, turns out the uniform type and brands it with the stamp of collectivity.

Differentiation is here left to life. Most of the American college men seem to turn, after graduating, to business, and business alone. I have seen college men turn ranchmen, and they knew while they were going through college that the camp and the corral were awaiting them, but they went through their college all the same. Now this is what a European man could not do; business and education do not fit into each other so neatly in Europe as they do in America; the range of government positions, which is so large in Europe comparatively with the size of the countries, the army positions, the university positions, and others, all of which depend from the government, besides the professions of law and medicine, etc., absorb almost all the European university force. Business is not, as in America, the chief calling of the whole country, and the European university does not, cannot, will not, undertake a general fitting for life, a general training of intelligence, body, and character. It may depend from the physical college training that the American man as a whole is more trim and square than the European, and that to the foreigner all Americans look alike at the beginning, especially as the conspicuous absence of beards and mustache makes the American young man even more different from the European than the girls from the two nations are. There is an old transatlantic proverb to the effect that if a man looks better than a brownie he has done all that can be expected of him, while even when a woman looks like an angel there is room for improvement. And there can be no discussion about the superiority of college men over brownies in matters æsthetic. It is very entertaining to the foreigner to hear the college girl's appreciations of good looks in her men friends, and not less so to witness the college man's pride in the girl whom he asks to his Prom. or Class-day.

Undoubtedly the standard of work is higher in the men's college than in the corresponding feminine institution; undoubtedly the European standard is far ahead of them both; and it is equally certain that classical literature means much more to the European than to the American student. I have met many college men to whom their Horace or their Virgil once conquered are matters of delight and constant companionship, as well as of familiar reference, yet not so many as might be desirable; never once have I met a girl who seemed thoroughly familiar with the spirit of the classics, and if some approached a satisfactory standard, they were found upon investigation to be of recent European descent. I have often wondered if it is the athletic training of the men which helps to give them a clearer comprehension and appreciation of at least the fighting elements in the ancient masterpieces of literature.

There is another element which appeals to the European student's mind in the American college man: the healthy amount of irreverence to set standards and of cynicism regarding approved nuisances; the joking, jollying, careless, easy-going spirit which, as the European student does, he too kindles with brierroot and cigarette; the humorous and quizzical spirit which is more or less lacking—generally more—in the average college girl. Woman is generally apt to give undue value or put disproportionate construction upon things, to attach greater importance to details, to meet things with a laugh or with a tear rather than with the smile philosophic or the ready wit of man. Ragging among girls would become kleptomania, hazing would dissolve into gossip and petty spites, initiations would be undignified. The college man's fun may transcend into a romp or an offense, while the fun of the college girl would simply degenerate, if brought to extremes, into boarding-school platitudes.

The college journalism is also one of the pleasing features of American college life. With us it is limited to the creation of an occasional sheet, an *ἅπαξ λεγόμενον* of its kind; a curiosity for the collector, but by no means a faithful or representative standard of our men's powers and ambitions. Here it is equally a good training for the writers and a pleasant diversion for the readers, and again an exponent of the differences which strike the foreigner continually in his way through the American campus. Our students don't write jokes, storiettes, and merry quatrains in their capacity of students; they write ponderous essays and dissertations on musty subjects, and adorn with them the pages of some dignified academic bulletin or scientific review, if they can reach such dizzy heights. This, I understand, is done chiefly by the American graduate who is taking what we call finishing or additional courses and he calls post-graduate work. But we generally do the equivalent of this before we get our degree, and we don't get our degree unless we do the work. The additional course is really something additional, not something which is sadly needed to make our training complete. From the point of view of pure study the work of the Schools of Law and Medical Colleges is the one which compares best with our university courses.

As for the outside occupations of the students, it certainly strikes us as a remarkable example, and one worthy of all praise and imitation, that the American college man is willing and free to resort to any kind of honest work to pay his way through college. In Europe the different standards of life demand that our men should not perform menial duties or manual work. Scholarships there are in Europe and in America; perhaps more in Europe than in America, and they often help in developing first-rate grinds. It seems to me that when the American is a grind, he does it on business principles rather than through sheer love of erudition and interest in bookworm pursuits. Of the two, the European is certainly the more dangerous and the more frequent grind. *Scholæ non vitæ*, says the European, but the American talks back: *Non scholæ sed vitæ*. The crowning glory of university life in Europe is to have a deep essay, of the type where there are fifty lines of foot-notes to one of text, published in the leading literary or scientific review of the land; the crowning glory of college life in America seems to be a captaincy on a winning team. Must grinds versus athletes be the synthetical formula of such a condition of things? Let us find comfort, anyhow, in the fact that one thing students from both sides of the Atlantic have in common: the youthful spirit of poking fun at the solemnity of university institutions, even when bending under their iron rule, and of laughing in the face of exams until they come round, and with them the cramming in of available information with the help of the trusty steed and of that "international" institution, the fellow who has registered words at lectures with the regularity of a cash-counter, and pours them forth on emergencies with the reliability of an improved gramophone. It appears that the American variety of the type has developed a considerable bump of business and requires ready cash in exchange for his services; in Europe, he, the poor thrifty ant, is simply bullied by the careless and genial *cigale* into volunteering the offer of his humble services. But, apart from this characteristic difference, we may rest morally certain that on both sides of the *oceanus dissociabilis* there exist many duplicate editions of the genial youths Billy and Teddy in that amusing college story "Philosophy Four."

# Books of the Week

*This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."*

**Early Western Travels, 1748-1846.** Edited by Reuben Gold Thwaites, LL.D. Vol. V. **Bradbury's Travels in the Interior of America, 1809-1811.** The Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland. Ohio. 6½×9½ in. 320 pages. $4, net.

**Faith and Knowledge: Sermons.** By W. R. Inge, M.A. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½×8¼ in. 292 pages. $1.50, net.

These discourses, some quite brief, some longer, introduce to American readers a welcome new-comer. The author is concerned for a just balance of power between our mental faculties, especially in the sphere of religion. The protest against the excessive intellectualism that not long ago prevailed seems to him to have gone too far among Protestants and Roman Catholics alike. Feeling, intellect, will, are properly co-ordinate powers. The *over-beliefs* which genuine faith is ever generating are due to the domination which a single mental faculty usurps over its natural equals. This idea underlies a considerable portion of the book. A practical ethical interest is strongly marked as well as a philosophical, and a thoughtful reader feels throughout the volume a stimulating contact with a cultured and spiritual mind, however he may here and there dissent. If the Church is to hold her rightful place in modern life and thought, Mr. Inge deems it all important that "her teachers should steadily discourage the popular supernaturalistic dualism—the notion that God only begins where nature leaves off;" equally important also, "that many competent workers should devote themselves to a rigidly scientific study of the *normal* phenomena of religious experience." It is not often that one nowadays lights upon so meaty a piece of sermonic literature as this.

**Historians' History of the World (The): A Comprehensive Narrative of the Rise and Development of Nations as Recorded by Over Two Thousand of the Great Writers of all Ages.** Edited, with the Assistance of a Distinguished Board of Advisors and Contributors, by Henry Smith Williams, LL.D. In 25 vols. Vol. I. **Egypt and Mesopotamia.** Vol. II. **Israel, Persia, India, Phœnicia, Asia Minor.** Vol. III. **Greece to the Peloponnesian War.** Vol. IV. **Greece to the Roman Conquest.** Vol. V. **The Roman Republic.** Illustrated. The Outlook Co., New York. 5×10½ in.

An extended review of other volumes of this work and of its purpose and scope as a whole, appeared in the issue of June 25 last.

**Historic Highways of America.** Vol. XII. **Pioneer Roads and Experiences of Travelers.** By Archer Butler Hulbert. The Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland, Ohio. 5×7½ in. 202 pages. $2.

The Old Northwestern, the Genesee, and the Catskill turnpikes are the principal highways here described, with historic reminiscence and anecdote. The final chapter is devoted to Charles Dickens's account of American pioneer roads from his "American Notes."

**Kantian and Lutheran Elements in Ritschl's Conception of God.** By Gregory Dexter Walcott, A.M., B.D. Preston & Round's Bookstore, Providence, R. I. 6×9½ in. 121 pages. Paper bound, 75c.

This valuable monograph is an appreciation of the theology of Ritschl, for which material is drawn from a study of the resemblances observed between Kant and Luther. It is in the line of exposition rather than of criticism. The Ritschlian theology Mr. Walcott views from the standpoint whence every theology obtains its truest appreciation, regarding it as but "a moment in the ever recurring effort men have put forth to gain an adequate conception of God."

**Leslie's Monthly Magazine: Volume LVII. November, 1903-April, 1904.** Illustrated. Frank Leslie Publishing House, New York. 6½×9½ in. 712 pages.

**Manchu and Muscovite.** By B. L. Putnam Weale: Being Letters from Manchuria Written During the Autumn of 1903. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5¾×9 in. 552 pages. $3.

Reserved for later notice.

**Mathematical Theory of Eclipses According to Chauvenet's Transformation of Bessel's Method.** By Roberdeau Buchanan, S.B. Illustrated. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 6×9 in. 247 pages.

**Northern Rebellion and Southern Secession.** By E. W. R. Ewing, LL.B. The Potomac Book Co., Atlanta, Ga. 6×9 in. 383 pages.

The method of building up a theological system by collating and interpreting proof texts is here followed in setting forth a political doctrine. All that is lacking in this case, as in the other, is the spirit of literary and historical criticism. The book presents the extreme secessionist point of view. Its quotations from Northern writers are not given in order to increase Northern self-righteousness.

**Poems and Songs of William Shakespeare (The).** (Caxton Thin Paper Editions.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 3½×6½ in. 254 pages. $1.25, net.

**Royal Academy (The): From Reynolds to Millais.** Edited by Charles Holme. Illustrated. John Lane, Offices of the International Studio, New York. 8×13 in. $2, net.

To art lovers there is no more interesting subject than the career of the Royal Academy, which to-day is considered the governing influence in the British art world. This volume, which gives a general idea of the progress of the Royal Academy from 1768 to 1868, the most vitally interesting period of its existence, will therefore prove a valuable addition to art libraries. The illustrations are admirable reproductions in photogravure, color, half-tone, and lithography of many of the Academy's most important masterpieces, and much interest is added by the portraits and facsimile letters. The text is by W. K. West, W. S. Sparrow, and T. Martin Wood.

**Short History of Ancient Peoples (A).** By Robinson Souttar, M.A., D.C.L. (Second Edition.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5¼×9½ in. 728 pages. $3, net.

The main distinction of Dr. Souttar's work, and similar works by contemporaneous authors, from the short general histories formerly current is the larger space accorded to the ancient civilization of the East unearthed by the explorer's spade. The reconstruction of ancient history, so far as it has thus proceeded, is here presented by the aid of the latest and best authorities to the ordinary reader. The present edition contains a new chapter on the most recent additions to our knowledge of Egypt, Babylonia, and Crete.

**Story of Chamber Music (The).** By N. Kilburn, Mus. Bac. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 252 pages. $1 50, net.

Without distinction of style or of original critical judgment, this small volume tells the story of the growth of chamber music as exemplified in the works of its masters. The point of view is British, as shown, for instance, in assuming that Schumann is not comparable to Mendelssohn as an absolute musician, but owes his eminence to his "culture." Very modern chamber music has a good share in the book. The tone of the treatment is judicial.

**True Republicanism.** By Frank Preston Stearns. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia 5×7¾ in. 264 pages. $1.50, net.

Reserved for later notice.

**War and Neutrality in the Far East.** By T. J. Lawrence, M.A., LL.D. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×8 in. 232 pages. $1.25.

It is rare indeed that a book is published so exactly at the right point of time as this. The excitement over the recent events in the East gives this book a peculiar timeliness at this moment, although, indeed, the general interest in the subjects treated would have made it most desirable even without this special interest of the day. Dr. Lawrence, the author, is a lecturer on international law at the Royal Naval College, and is a recognized authority on that subject in England. The book includes the substance of several lectures given at Cambridge, and also much new matter. The point of view is naturally English, but the author carefully discriminates between the interpretation of international law on various points accepted in England and that accepted in other countries, especially Russia, Japan, and the United States. Among the topics treated, and treated in the most intelligent and satisfactory way, are the question whether Japan was treacherous at the outbreak of the war; modern doctrine about blockading; the events in Chemulpho Harbor; marine mines; wireless telegraphy; newspaper correspondents; the Russians in the Red Sea; contraband of war—are coal, provisions, and cotton contraband?—mail steamers—are they privileged?—the position in international law of Korea and Manchuria. We have given a rather full list of subjects, because in no other way can the usefulness and scope of the book be shown. It remains to add that the discussion of all these points is eminently judicial, and that it is also clear and not obscured by technical phraseology.

**Year in Europe (A).** By Walter W. Moore, D.D., LL.D. The Presbyterian Committee of Publication, Richmond, Va. 5½×8¼ in. 366 pages. $1.25, net. (Postage, 15c.)

Dr. Moore naturally pays special attention to church and religious matters in the many countries he visited, and thus adds a special value, for his observations and comments on such topics are acute and interesting. As a book of travel pure and simple the book is also readable. There are many illustrations.